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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Twenty-Seventh Number.

LIEUT.-GEN. THE RIGHT HON. SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, K. B.

THE historic page is never so interesting as in the delineation of active worth; volumes may be filled with the black catalogue of tyranny and oppression, exciting no other feeling than abhorrence at the crimes and depravity of human nature; but when one bright gleam of sunshine illumines our page, when we see high birth, brilliant genius, and unwearied activity employed in resistance to the invader, in supporting the rights of *Native Princes* at the two extremes of the old world, and humanely engaged in mitigating the captivity even of the sons of the Usurper, the eye dwells on it with unspeakable satisfaction, and we proudly exclaim, "This is our countryman." Such must be the sensations of every man on adverting to the military career of the subject of our present biography, who, though scarcely arrived at what is called middle life, has yet attained a pitch of military glory, which entitles him to the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and holds him up an example of imitation to his *younger brethren* in arms. The original family name was Colley or Cowley, and was of high antiquity in the county of Rutland; their earliest ancestor, who settled in Ireland, was Walter, Solicitor General of that kingdom, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and Richard the first Peer took the name of Wellesley in 1746, as heir to his first cousin; Sir Arthur is the third son of the late Earl of Mornington, and brother to the present Marquis of Wellesley, and to the Hon. W. W. Pole. His birth took place on the 1st of May, 1769. At an early age he was sent to Eton, that he might receive the benefits of a *public* education, and as he had chosen the army for his profession, his father sent him at the close of the American war, to Angers in France, in order that he might acquire the theory of military science at that celebrated school, then under the direction of the much-esteemed Pigneral, who is considered as the Vauban of modern warlike architecture. His entrance into the service taking place in the time of peace, afforded him leisure to apply his scientific knowledge to garrison and regimental practice, and we are enabled to say, that his conduct was such as to merit the esteem of all his brother officers; he applied himself sedulously to the study of the best authors on the subject, and thus laid a foundation for his present military fame, and having his own rank and connections to trust to for promotion, he preserved throughout a gentlemanlike and steady independence. At the age of four and twenty we find him major in the army, and embarked with that force which was intended under the Earl of Moira to have erected the

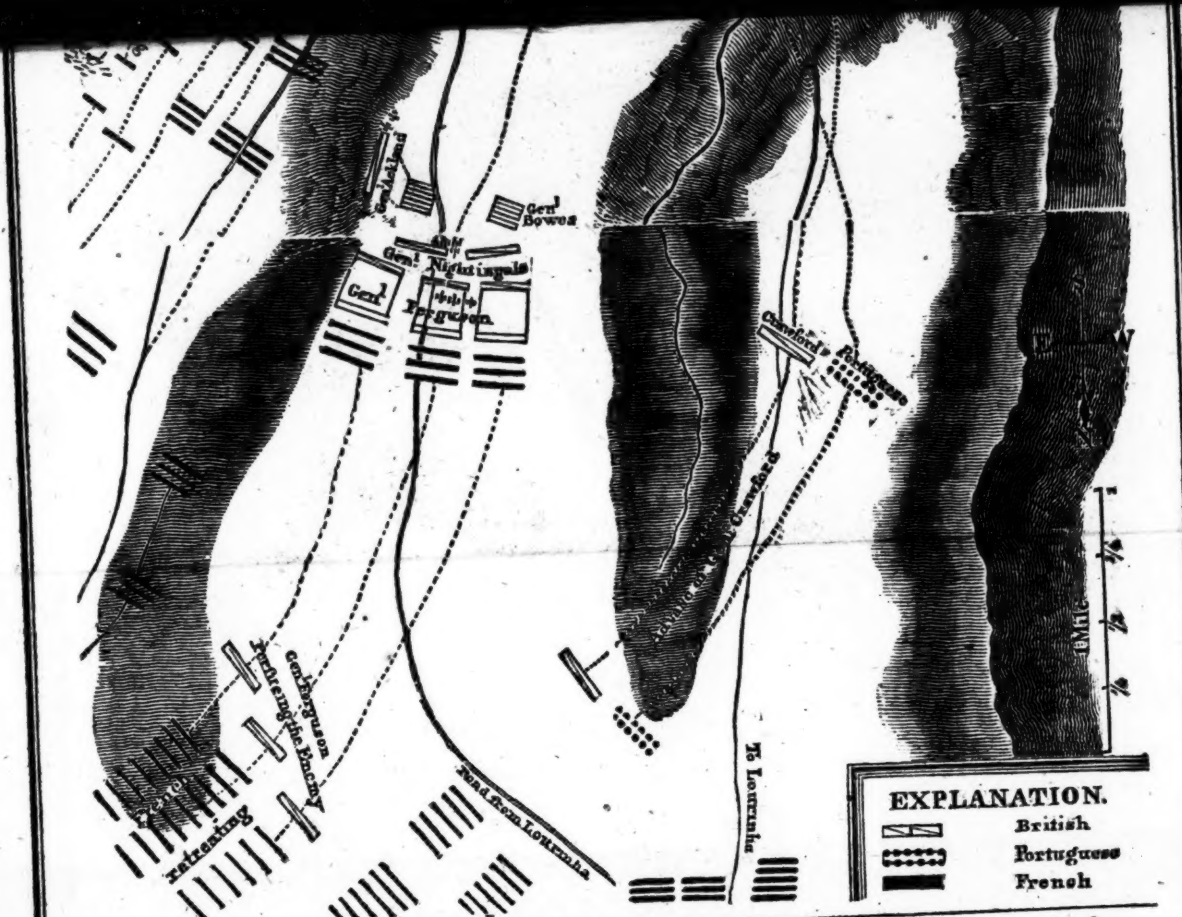
standard of royalty in Britanny; but the fate of the Netherlands and of Flanders was no sooner decided by the unfortunate issue of the campaign of 1794, than his Lordship was ordered to proceed with his little army to Ostend, where indeed he arrived only in time to assist in the evacuation of that post. His Lordship advanced with 10,000 men as far as Malle, but the French having captured Bruges on the one side, and Ipres on the other, he was placed in a very critical situation, and found it necessary to push on to Alost, where he arrived at the time of the retreat of the British army from Gramont. In those operations Sir Arthur had many opportunities of distinguishing himself, having the detached command of a covering brigade of three battalions; particularly on the 6th of July, when the outposts being attacked by a strong force, the picquets were driven in, and the French penetrated even to the town, but the British rapidly forming, kept them in check for a considerable time, and at last obliged them to retreat, leaving a number of killed and wounded behind them. During the whole of this memorable retreat, Sir Arthur commanded the rear-guard of the army, and covered it with a spirit of judicious activity, under the most trying circumstances of military difficulties, so as not only to gain the notice of his superiors, but also to raise the highest admiration in all his brother soldiers; some faint idea of the sufferings of the whole detachment may be formed, when we recollect that from the time of their landing at Ostend, they had marched, until the period of their embarkation, without either tents or baggage. Sir Arthur's regiment being intended for service in the West Indies, he embarked in the fleet under the command of Admiral Christian, in the autumn of 1795, but the heavy equinoctial gales having driven them back, the destination of great part of the forces was altered; and the Marquis of Wellesley at this period being appointed Governor-General of India, Sir Arthur accompanied him to Bengal, having purchased the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 33d regiment. A large force was assembled, and even embarked, for the attack of Manilla, in which Sir Arthur would have had a high command, but the intrigues of the French with the Native Princes obliged the Governor-General to change his plans on the instant and reserve his troops for the defence of the British territories. Notwithstanding the friendly protestations of Tippoo Sultaun, the experience of the campaigns under the Marquis of Cornwallis had shewn that the loss of the Coimbatoor and other districts, and even of many of his hill-forts in the Mysore, had produced no steady effect on his mind, and he seemed to fear nothing whilst he possessed his capital; the Marquis of Wellesley therefore determined on decisive measures, and the reduction of Seringapatam was considered as an object of the first consideration. The Madras army under Lieut.-Gen. Harris was concentrated at Vellore, but from the unavoidable delays in providing the necessary equipments for so large a force, it did not begin its march before the 11th of February, 1799. The contingent of the Nizam, amounting to about 6000 of the Company's troops, under the command of Colonel Roberts, and subsidised by his Highness, together with the same number of his own Native Infantry, marched from Hyderabad, under the command of Meer Allum Bahauder, and had arrived at Chittoor, even before General Harris was ready to move from Vellore; in order, therefore, to place the force under Meer Allum on the most respectable footing, and render it as efficient as possible, the Commander in Chief thought it prudent to augment it with the 33d regiment, giving the command of all the British troops serving with the Nizam's force to the Hon. Colonel Wellesley, an arrangement which was highly gratifying to the native General, and gave additional confidence to his army. The Commander in Chief in his general orders placed this division as a reserve in time of action, at other times they were to act as a covering force on the left of the line of march; and having learned that Tippoo had moved from Periapatam on the 14th of March, with his whole force, in order to meet the British, our troops at day-break on the morning of the 27th marched towards Mallavelley, Colonel Wellesley's division moving so as to cover the army on the left flank, prepared to act according to circumstances.—Our army had advanced but a small distance from its ground when Tippoo's army was seen drawn up for battle, a cannonade immediately commenced on the part of the enemy, which as the line formed, was answered by our artillery, and soon became general. The crafty Sultaun determined to make a bold push on the Nizam's force, expecting an easy victory, he however, only gave Colonel Wellesley an opportunity of distinguishing himself, for a column of 2000 men having moved forward in excellent order, were unexpectedly opposed by the 33d regiment, who coolly reserved their fire, and having received that of the enemy at sixty yards, gallantly advanced with the bayonet, when the column gave way, and being thrown into dis-

order, the whole of Tippoo's army retreated with the utmost rapidity towards Seringapatam. General Harris having taken post with his whole force for the siege of this place, Colonel Wellesley had many opportunities of proving his worth, particularly on the 5th of April, when sent to clear the *tope* or wood of Sultaunpettah, in order to facilitate the approaches of our troops; this was done with the most brilliant success after two daring attempts, the first by the 33d regiment and 2d Bengal regiment, the last by the Scotch brigade, two battalions of sepoys, and four guns, on whom the enemy kept up a most destructive fire from under cover of the aqueduct; they were, however, soon thrown into confusion and their lines forced, by which we secured a strong connected line of posts from the Cavery to the village of Sultaunpettah, which greatly facilitated the operations. Colonel Wellesley was again employed on a service which required both skill and promptitude; the enemy still being in possession of an entrenchment not more than 250 yards from the head of our approaches, it became necessary to dislodge them, to secure our working parties from their musketry, and the direction as well as execution of this attack, being entrusted to the Colonel, who that day commanded in the trenches, our troops advanced, a little after sunset, threw the enemy into confusion, and soon gained their object. Such indeed was the opinion of the Commander in Chief, of Colonel Wellesley's professional coolness and intrepidity, that on the never-to-be-forgotten 4th of May, when Seringapatam fell to the British arms, he was stationed in the advanced works with the regiment de Meuron and three battalions of native infantry, as a reserve to the storming party, with general discretionary orders to give his support where it might be necessary; the rapid success however of the storming party, did not give him an opportunity on that occasion of more particularly distinguishing himself. In the General Orders of the 5th of May, Colonel Wellesley was particularly noticed: "On referring to the progress of the siege, so many occasions have occurred for applause to the troops that it is difficult to particularise individual merit, but the gallant manner in which Lieut.-Colonel Shaw, the Honourable Colonel Wellesley, &c. conducted the attacks on the several outworks and posts of the enemy, deserves to be particularly recorded."

Immediately after the capture, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the permanent command of Seringapatam, and the order, regularity, and confidence, which were soon established, were principally owing to the good sense and activity of the Commandant, who went himself into the houses of the principal people, placing the most orderly soldiers as safeguards, and thereby shewing them that the English were as much to be loved as friends, as feared when enemies. The Governor-General with a magnanimous generosity and the most consummate policy, determined to reinstate all the Native Princes on those thrones which had been wrested from them by the Usurper; he therefore established a Commission for this purpose, of which the Colonel was a member; as one part of their duty was to attend to the removal of the families of Hyder and Tippoo, the Governor-General expressed the greatest solicitude that this removal should be effected with as much delicacy as possible; his instructions were therefore strongly marked with his humane wishes to mitigate the most rigourous parts of this revolution, and the details of this affair fell to the lot of the Colonel as Commandant, subject however to the suggestions and co-operations of the other Commissioners. When we consider how small the British force in Seringapatam, and that a detachment must also be sent to guard the Princes to Vellore, through a country in which they still had many friends, too much praise cannot be given to the Colonel for his prudential precautions which precluded the possibility of commotion or escape; and it is to his discretion, activity, and humanity throughout the whole of this difficult and arduous task, that we are to ascribe the facility with which it was accomplished.

Our limits will not suffice to detail every step until Colonel Wellesley became Major-General, a rank which he attained in 1802, before the breaking out of the Mahratta war; as his conduct in this war, however, was sufficient to establish his character, we shall briefly notice it. The immediate cause of the war it is now well known and acknowledged by all parties, was the refusal of the confederated chiefs to withdraw those armies which they had collected on the Frontier of our Ally, the Subahdar of the Deccan; and that, after they had publicly declared that their intentions in this movement were to ascertain whether they should make war, or not, upon the British settlements. The position also of Scindiah's forces, and their being under the command of French officers, together with the intrigues of *Perron*, not only with the Independent States, but also in the Company's territories, were additional proofs of the intended hostilities. Impressed with the

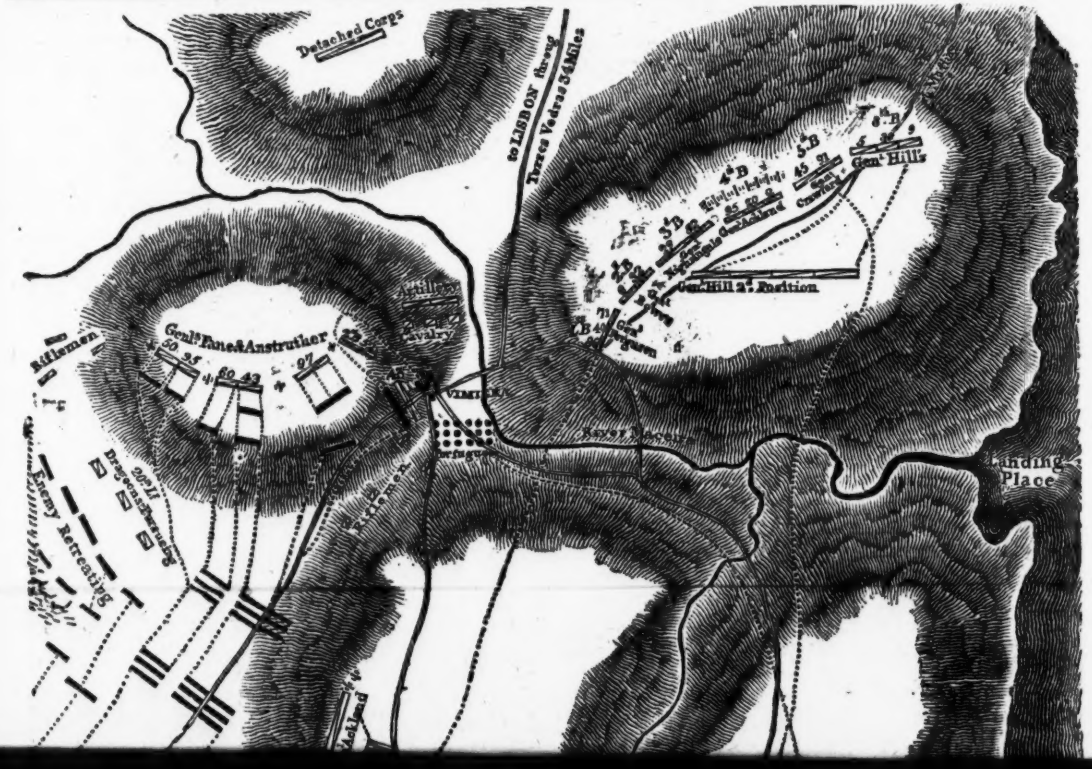
necessity of a bold and decisive policy, the Governor-General used every means to establish a connection between the Peishwah and the British Government, so as to afford protection and security to his authority, but still without affecting the rights or interests of the Mahratta feudatory chieftains; this, however, was not listened to on the part of the Peishwah, from the influence of Scindiah over his councils, although it was well known that both Scindiah and Holkar had designs upon the Supreme Government at Poonah. When, however, Scindiah perceived that his own power was in danger, from the designs of Holkar, he joined his forces to the Peishwah's army, and the two chiefs having attacked Holkar on the 25th of October, 1802, were totally defeated; then, indeed, the Peishwah, solicited the British assistance, requesting a large military force, and appropriating an extensive territory for their maintenance. His request was complied with, and Poonah being recaptured, he was restored to his throne; but as Scindiah soon began to shew symptoms of hostilities, an army of observation was formed under Major-General Wellesley, who had orders to communicate, during some very delicate negociations, with Colonel Collins, the resident at Poonah. In the course of this business, Scindiah and the other chiefs, sent the most *friendly* letters to the Major-General, but his sagacity soon discovered that these were merely for the purpose of delay, and having conducted the business with the most consummate skill, and informed his brother of every circumstance, the Governor-General immediately assembled a large force, of which a division was placed under the command of the Major-General, with orders to direct his operations against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, who were posted with an army of 38,000 cavalry, and 10,000 infantry, at Julgory, at the foot of the Adjuntee Ghaut, in the Deccan. He immediately commenced his march towards the fortress of Amednaghur, the pettah of which was carried by escalade with the utmost gallantry and spirit, by the flank companies of the 74th and 78th regiments, supported by a battalion of native infantry. On the 10th of August, batteries were erected against the fort, and on the 12th it surrendered, by which important conquest a communication was opened with Poonah, and all the adjacent districts being taken possession of were placed under the direction of a British officer. On the 24th of August, the confederate chiefs entered the Nizams territories, and directed their march so as to cross the Godavery river towards Hyderabad, the capital, but the Major-General proceeding towards that river, and moving towards the eastward on its left bank, kept them completely in check, and covered his own conveys of provisions from Moodgul. The confederates foiled in their designs, moved to the northward, where they formed a junction with a large force under Monsieur Pohlman, accompanied by Monsieur Dupont, with an immense train of artillery; but the Major-General being joined on the 21st of September, at Budnapoor, by Colonel Stevenson, with his accustomed promptitude and gallantry, determined to attack them before they could strengthen themselves in this position, and a judicious eye may discover a great analogy between his conduct on this occasion, and his quick decision on the late glorious 17th of August, when he forced the passes previous to the battle of the 21st. The British force marched in two divisions, but on the 23d when General Wellesley arrived at Naulnair, having learnt that the confederates were encamped about six miles from the spot which he intended to occupy, he immediately reconnoitered, and found their line extending along the north bank of the Kaitna river, the banks of which are high, rocky, and impassable for artillery, except near the villages, whilst the fortified village of Assye, from which the battle takes its name, covered their left. He instantly formed the bold resolution of leading to the attack without waiting for Colonel Stevenson's force, as well to prevent the enemy from harassing him by partial attacks, as to prevent them from retiring in the night, when they should hear of the Colonel's approach. The British army, after a fatiguing march of twenty miles, arrived in front of the enemy, and the Major-General instantly proceeded to attack their left, where their guns and infantry were posted, with his small force of 4500 men, forming his infantry in two lines, with the British cavalry as a reserve, although their force was 10,500 infantry, with upwards of 100 guns, and considerable bodies of horse amounting to more then 30,000. Our little army commenced the attack instantly under a most destructive fire, and soon drove them in all directions; but the British force was too small to secure the advantages of its victory, so that the beaten squadrons of the enemy, forming in the rear, began to work the guns from which they had before been driven; to put a stop to this, Major-General Wellesley put himself at the head of the 78th regiment, and 7th native cavalry, and though he had his horse shot



The Plan is placed with the South uppermost in order to preserve the relative Situations of Right and Left as described in *The Gazette*.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA,

FOUGHT ON THE 21st OF AUGUST, 1808.



BATTLE OF VIMIERA.

Gen.l Sir A. Wellesley commanding the feigned retreat by which the French Artillery was taken; and the whole of

under him, yet he gallantly cleared the field. In this decisive victory, our Hero seems to have displayed the greatest promptitude, judgment, and personal courage; nor did the British troops, on any occasion, ever shew more exemplary order, firmness, discipline, and alacrity; the whole line, which was led by General Wellesley in person, advanced to the charge with the utmost steadiness, although unsupported by artillery, against a most destructive fire of round and grape; and notwithstanding the superiority of the enemy, compelled them, at the point of the bayonet, to abandon the field of battle, together with all their artillery and stores, after a hard fought contest of three hours. This victory was followed by General Lake's, at Laswarrah, by which a total stop was put to the hostilities of the natives, and the machinations of the French; and the achievements of Major-General Wellesley, whilst commanding the separate army in the Deccan, procured him the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, on the 3d of May, 1804, "for his important, brilliant, and memorable "services." On the 1st of September following, he was elected a Knight Companion of the most honourable Order of the Bath, and having returned to Europe, and taken his seat, as Member for Newport, in Hants, shewed equal abilities in the senate as in the field, particularly in the defence of his brother from the attacks of a dissappointed party. After a life of such activity, he now sought for the calm delights of domestic happiness, and was married to Miss Packenham, of the Longford family, his present amiable Lady, on the 10th of April, 1806; but his talents were not permitted to sink into oblivion, for we find him soon after appointed Chief Secretary to the Duke of Richmond, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From this state of comparative inactivity he was soon called to take part in the memorable attack on Copenhagen, which is too recent to require particular notice; it is sufficient to mention that after the landing of our troops, the Danish General, Castenschiold, having formed an army in Zealand consisting of three or four battalions of disciplined troops, besides a number of armed peasantry, it was found necessary to disperse this force; for this purpose Sir Arthur was dispatched on the 26th of August, 1807, and soon accomplished the service with a loss on the part of the Danes of 60 officers, 1100 men and 10 pieces of cannon. He afterwards moved towards the centre of the island to disarm and quiet the country, which he did effectually, for no further molestation was given during the siege; a service which eventually was as humane towards the Danes, as beneficial to our own operations. In 1808, Sir Arthur was appointed Lieutenant-General, but his later exploits are as yet too lively in the breasts of his grateful countrymen to need recapitulation, we shall, therefore, leave them for the future page of applauding history.

LIFE OF GENERAL JUNOT.

DURING the present rapid changes of scene, on the great theatre of Europe, curiosity is awake to enquire into the merits of the respective *actors*; and as the curtain may soon fall upon this motley groupe, when the names and characters of all but a few of the *arch fiends* must sink into the stream of oblivion, a few temporary sketches will not fail of being acceptable to our readers. When the Goths in the early ages overrun Europe, and when Charlemagne with his twelve peers of romantic history, parcelled out great part of this quarter of the globe, amongst themselves and their feudal followers, the conquered nations viewing them as the descendants of ancient heroes, whose worth was indubitable in a military age, were in some measure prepared to yield to their sway; not so with the present race of invaders, for with the exception of a few born of *high* —but who would have been a disgrace to *any* rank, the whole of them are not only sprung from the lowest orders of society, but have been in many individual instances fit subjects for the coercion of those old established laws of society, which they have daringly outraged even before the revolution.

The subject of our present biography, General Junot calling himself Duke of Abrantes, which he has assumed as one of the most ancient extinct titles of Portugal, is the son of a petty corn-chandler at Orleans, and was engaged in the servile drudgery of his father's business so late as the year 1789, but his dissolute habits having induced him to make rather

free with his father's cash, the old man not approving of this species of equality, turned him out of his house; the pupil of liberty immediately proceeded to Paris, where his *active philosophy* soon introduced him to some of the members of the Jacobin Club, who judging him fit for their purposes supported him a short time in the capital. The operations on the southern frontier requiring an augmentation of the national army, Citizen Junot, in his zeal to regenerate the country of Nice, which at that time was rather unenlightened, took up his musquet and marched for Provence; and after the ravaging of the territory of Nice, in which this active citizen displayed his *civism* and *philanthropy*, he was with the army in Provence, at the time of the evacuation of Toulon by the British and Spanish forces. During the short siege, serving with the artillery, he attracted the notice of Bonaparte, who then was *Chef de Brigade*; it has been stated, that Napoleon, during a heavy cannonade, enquired if any one near him could write, Junot immediately offered his services, and whilst employed on a drum head, a shot striking the ground close to his side covered him with dust. Undismayed at the event, he coolly observed, that he wanted sand for his letter. "You are a gallant soldier," exclaimed Napoleon, "how can I serve you?" "Give me "promotion," said he, "I shall not disgrace "it." He was immediately made a serjeant, and chosen by Bonaparte as his orderly, and displayed such abilities and coolness, that he soon obtained the rank of an officer.

On the surrender of Toulon he made himself particularly noticed by his share in the atrocities which were inflicted on all those who had favoured the British, when all those who had even lodged an Englishman in their houses, or who were suspected of being favourable to the old regime were assembled in the *Champ de Mars*, and butchered in cold blood, to the amount of fifteen hundred men, women, and children; an exploit boasted of by *his friend*, when he wrote to the Convention "upon the "field of glory, my feet inundated with the "blood of traitors, I announce to you, with a "heart beating with joy, that your orders are "executed, and France avenged!" In the following autumn, when Napoleon was arrested as a terrorist, after the death of Robespierre, Junot shared his fate, but being liberated by a general amnesty, he followed the fortunes of his patron, and was appointed his Aid-de-Camp when elevated to the rank of Commander in Chief in 1796. This promotion is supposed to have been greatly owing to his intermediate services at Paris, particularly on the 4th of October 1795, when on the contest between the National Convention and the Sections of Paris, respecting the new constitution, Bonaparte with his artillery swept the streets in all directions, killing and wounding without mercy or distinction, until upwards of eight thousand of both sexes, and of all ages, were left weltering in their blood.

Throughout the campaigns in Italy he acquitted himself so as to preserve the confidence of his general, particularly at Mondovi, at Milan, and at Pavia, where by his cruel atrocities and skill in plundering, he proved his capability of commanding, and was promoted to the rank of Colonel. When the expedition sailed for Egypt he embarked as Aid-de-Camp, and took an active part in that country and in Syria, where he shared Bonaparte's most secret confidence, with the infamous Duroc, now Grand Master of the Ceremonies at Paris; but owing to some unaccountable accident he was *not* one of those so slyly brought off by Napoleon, when he escaped by stealth, not only from the British, who were looking after him, but also from his own army. He was therefore left until 1802, when he returned to France "covered with glory;" but on his arrival was immediately appointed General of Division, and soon after Governor of Paris; here his despotic and cruel disposition made him an able supporter of Fouché, whom he rivalled in cruelty and extortion, and was strongly suspected of being, as well as Fouché, the private encourager of a daring gang of house-breakers and footpads, who were the terror of the capital in the winter of 1803, and of whom the few that were detected and brought *to justice*, were invariably screened by some *invisible* power, and permitted to elude all punishment. He resigned this command in 1805, to *our Imperial Brother*, Prince Murat, and we believe that it was shortly after this he chose *an Albanian Princess* for his spouse, who is the present Duchess of Abrantes. When Lasnes had *completed his fortune* in Portual, or when he was wanted for some other purpose, Junot superseded him at Lisbon, where, if his conduct at first was not so brutal as that of his predecessor, it was yet as abandoned and oppressive, though clothed in deep dissimulation. On the retreat of the Portuguese Court, Junot took the command of the French troops destined to occupy Portugal, when he shewed his character in its true colours, by outraging the forms of religion, by

general conscriptions of all property, and by every revolutionary meanness and atrocity which has so long disgraced the arms of France. Of his cruelty, dissimulation, and more recent robberies, it is unnecessary to give a detail; they are fresh in the memories of all, as well as his boasting about the reception he would give the British troops, who have already given him a lesson: the wealth he has acquired in Portugal must be great, but of that we hope he is completely stripped even whilst this sheet is writing; but he has still a large property left, which, including the lands granted him in Poland, is supposed to amount to 17,000*l. per annum*. He is now in the vigour of life, but most uncouth and vulgar in his appearance, his face is seamed with scars, and his manners are rude, boorish, and obtrusive; he is ignorant of all kinds of learning, yet is reckoned remarkable for his decision and capability, and certainly his conduct as a general, since the landing of our troops in Portugal, does not belie the general opinion formed of him. Of his *honour* the following anecdote is told, which we believe to be correct, though we do not vouch for its authenticity; whilst Governor of Paris, he was in the habit of frequenting the gambling-houses, and one evening at Frescati, in plain clothes, accompanied by a young man in the same costume, he stood near one of the tables where this young man staked *rouleaux* apparently of fifty *louis d'ors*, at *rouge et noir*. When the young man lost, he always took up his *stake*, and laid down another in its stead, but when at last he won, he exultingly told the banker to count the *stake* in *his rouleau*, when it was found to contain bank notes to the amount of one hundred thousand livres, about 4500*l*! A demand so extraordinary induced the bankers to refer it to the company, when Junot immediately interposed, said the young man was his Aid-de-Camp, and swore if they did not pay him instantly, that he would confiscate the bank, and arrest every individual of the company; not intimidated by this threat they refused payment, when this *just republican*, seized the cash on the table, but a tumult taking place, the guard was called in, and ordered to take sixteen of them to prison, where they remained until they could *settle* the business, whilst Junot and his Aid-de-Camp quietly pocketed all the cash they could find, and returned to their usual *seat of justice!!!*

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAFF IN PORTUGAL.

General Loison who, on his arrival from Spain became second in command, was some time ago, third in command of the army of England, and no doubt feels himself peculiarly happy in meeting the *shopkeepers* on Portuguese ground. Like his commanding officer he rose from the ranks, having been in the life guards, where he was one of the first that was warped from loyalty and allegiance to his sovereign by the Jacobin Emissaries. Vain and presumptuous he aspired to command, and obtruded himself frequently on La Fayette as deserving of promotion in the National Guards; but not having received any education (indeed he was totally unable to read or write) this request was not complied with, which inspired him with such a spirit of revenge that this enlightened citizen became one of his first accusers in the Jacobin Club, denouncing Fayette's neglect of patriotic merit, of which he modestly adduced himself as a proof, as indicative of concealed aristocracy, and of treason against the rights of man. When the atrocious attack was made on the Thuilleries on the memorable 10th of August, he was conspicuous as a leader of the active citizens, and joined loudly in the yells of "no quarter—kill the Aristocrats," &c. and having at the head of a strong party of the rabble, made a cowardly attack on four of the Swiss, he was so warmly received that many of his party were killed and wounded. Among the latter he was numbered himself, for a dangerous bayonet-wound sent him to an hospital for some months, where it is said he obtained some little instruction to fit him for the part he had since to perform in the Revolution. His conduct on the 10th recommended him to Marat, Robespierre, and the other blood thirsty demagogues, and on his recovery he was appointed commanding officer of a national battalion destined for service with the army of Ardennes; here indeed he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself as a warrior, but his civic virtue in the Military Jacobin Clubs soon raised him to the station of *Chef de Brigade*. When Barras at the head of his party in the Convention, brought forward the motion for the re-election of the *two thirds*, it was at first

difficult to find any military characters to command the troops attached to their cause, at last Bonaparte and Loison were selected and proved themselves *worthy* of the trust reposed in them by the indiscriminate massacre of 8,000 *souls*—we beg their pardon—8,000 *bodies*, for at that time there were *no souls* at Paris. Loison was now appointed President of the Military Tribunal of St. Roch, where he gave full swing to his tyrannical disposition, but as he seemed inclined to push for the fair hand of the *immaculate* Josephine, then under the protection of Barras, his friend Bonaparte by his interest with Carnot, procured him a command in Holland, where he consoled himself like a true *sans culottes* for the loss of the future Empress, by pulling off the Dutchmen's breeches. He is supposed by his infamous extortions to have realised 50,000*l.* in Holland, but on his return to Paris, by the assistance of a mistress and a gambling house, he contrived to bring himself to his original state of equality. He was an active assistant to Napoleon in his attack on the Directory previous to the formation of the Consulate, and was afterwards present at the battle of Marengo, but it is said that he declined a command in the St. Domingo army under Le Clere, not being inclined to give up the pleasures of Paris for West Indian luxury; he is represented as ignorantly talkative and eager to push his opinions on every subject, and has been accused even by his friends of being prodigal of the lives of his troops, and his conduct in his route from Spain until his junction with Junot, has sufficiently shewn that rapine, extortion, and murder are still considered by him as true Imperial Republican virtues.

GENERAL KELLERMAN.—The French were always remarkable for a species of *brusquerie*, but more particularly so, since the revolution; the impertinent ease with which Kellerman made his observation on the *hard biscuit* at General Wellesley's table, has a parallel in his conduct at Paris, during the stay of the Pope at that capital. At one of the *holy* drawing-rooms, where the pious Bonaparte had placed himself between the two Cardinals, Bellois and Bernier (perhaps in imitation of our Richard the Third, as Shakspeare so inimitably describes him appearing to the good Citizens of London between two holy men) as if to seclude himself from the conversation of the profane sinners around him; the whole tribe of Grand vicars, grand bishops, and courtly grand almoners, charmed with the devotional *debut* of the Emperor, surrounded him like rays of celestial glory, when the *etourdi* General observed *rather* loudly, "Had Bonaparte always been encom-"passed by troops of this class, he might in-"deed have sung psalms with the Saints above, "but he would never have reigned as an Em-"peror below." This unlucky sally was overheard by Louis Bonaparte, and Monsieur Kellerman received orders to proceed next morning for Hanover, and place himself on the staff of a general younger than himself; nor would he even have escaped so well, had it not been for the interest of the elder Kellerman, whose influence with Duroc saved him from any other punishment.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON TRAGEDY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

OBSERVATIONS ON ÆSCHYLUS'S PIECES.

(Continued from page 113.)

AGAMEMNON is entitled to little more praise than the two tragedies which we have already described. The three first acts are spent in relations, and the action does not properly begin, before the fourth. There is no strength of colouring in the characters. Cassandra prophecies, as might have been expected, in rich and energetic language, but does nothing else. Clytemnestra murders her husband, not through the impulse of jealousy or ambition, which might have given more plausibility to her crime, but merely tells us three or four times very coolly, that Agamemnon deserved death for having sacrificed his daughter. She then very quietly waits for him, to effect her purpose, without feeling or expressing the least remorse; and when she has stabbed him, she leaves the palace, and calmly proclaims her deed to the assembled people in the following words.

"——" When our vengeance,
"Our hatred threatens him we ought to love,
"Let cunning spread a snare he cannot 'scape.
"Long had my thoughts dwelt on this lawful
"vengeance,
"Occasion smil'd, I grasp'd it, and my foe,
"Fearless I own it, Agamemnon's fallen.
"My prudence barr'd his flight, unarm'd his
"hand,
"Caught in my artful toils I stabb'd him twice;
"And twice his groans assail'd mine ear; he
"sank
"Expiring at my feet, I struck again
"And this last blow bade Pluto greet his soul.
"He died; his bursting gore bedew'd my gar-
"ments,
"A kinder dew than earth can boast from
"Heav'n!
"Undaunted I my deeds proclaim: approve
"Or blame my actions, I your judgment scorn.
"Here Agamemnon, here my husband lies,
"'Tis justice led my dagger to his heart,
"I stabb'd —— 'tis all."

The *Eumenides* would on our modern stage hold a distinguished place by the side of *Tom Thumb*, the *Taylors*, *Chrononhotonthologos*, and the *Critic*, as a burlesque on tragedy. It represents Orestes in the power of the Furies. The poet has not even raised his gods in wisdom, knowledge, and faculties, above mortality, for like us they are deceived. The play opens with a view of Apollo's temple at Delphos, in which the Eumenides are seen, lulled asleep by this god by the side of their victim Orestes. Apollo who protects this guilty and unfortunate prince advises him to profit by the present opportunity and fly away from the hands of his cruel tormentors; as though any one, and especially a god, could fancy they would have any difficulty when awake in finding the fugitive. Orestes follows his advice and runs away. The shade of Clytemnestra appears and grows angry at perceiving the Furies asleep. For a long time she vainly attempts to awaken them. As this scene is not one of the less ludicrous of the tragedy, we will give an extract from it faithfully translated:

"*Clytemnestra.* List to my voice, ye Deities
"of Hell!
"Hear Clytemnestra who whilst sleep enwraps
"ye,
"Your presence seeks.
(*Here the Eumenides snore*).
"*Clytem.* Vain is this answ'ring murmur,
"And yet your captive flies! Well may you
"slumber
"For supplications seldom meet your ear.
(*The Eumenides snore.*)
"*Clytem.* How stubborn is your rest! my
"grief you scorn:
"And yet Orestes flies! his mother's murderer!
(*The Eumenides snore.*)
"*Clytem.* Unbroken is your sleep, which
"nought can burst.
"Ah, Furies ill alone you can perform!
(*The Eumenides snore.*)
"*Clytem.* Fatigue and sleep have join'd their
"pow'rs together
"To lull to rest these cruel fiends.
(*The Eumenides snore, one of them exclaims in her sleep, Stop! Stop! Stop!*)

They wake at last and reproach each other with their neglect. Apollo, who wishes to drive them from his temple, is accused by them with having protected a parricide. "Young god" they tell him "thou hast deceived old goddesses." Meanwhile Orestes flies to Athens, and the scene changes to the latter place. Here we see that the ancients did not confine themselves so strictly to the unity of place and time, as the French critics wish to make us believe. The Furies find their victim in Minerva's temple, and quarrel with him without exerting their power and inflicting any torments upon him. Undaunted by their presence he converses cooly and reasonably with them, and finishes by imploring Minerva's protection. The goddess disturbed by the noise descends from Heaven and inquires into the cause of it. Accused by the Eumenides, Orestes defends himself, but the goddess refuses to decide in a cause "*that is above mortals;*" and which some think would of course, not be above her. The explanation of this seeming bull, may be the following: not that the cause itself was above the reach of men, but that more than men being interested in it viz: the Eumenides, it was not in the power of a Divinity to pronounce a final sentence. We find an example of this incapacity of gods to decide on divine causes, in the judgment of Paris, when the three goddesses chose a mortal for an umpire between them. However it be, the poet desirous of paying a compliment to the Areopagus, caused Minerva to refer both parties to this tribunal as being composed of the wisest and most enlightened sages of Athens. Here Apollo accompanies the youth whom he had already so fruitlessly protected, and pleads for him against the Eumenides. After some contention he employs the following argument, "a child is the father's not the mother's work; the latter is only the depositary of it. Minerva sprang from Jupiter alone,

which proves that it is not absolutely necessary to have a mother." These reasonings, notwithstanding the boasted wisdom of the Areopagus, produce such a deep impression on its members, that when the question is put, the numbers for and against appear equal. In such a case the law absolved the accused: Orestes is therefore declared innocent, though he had murdered his mother, the Heavenly advocate triumphs, the Eumenides retire disappointed and the piece closes.

The lovers of simplicity of action, amongst whom the French rank foremost, will probably admire the plot of the *Supplicants* which has certainly not been and is not likely to be excelled in that particular point by any author past or to come. Danaus' forty daughters, fly from Egypt in order not to be compelled to marry the sons of Egyptus. They seek a refuge with their father at the court of Pelasgus king of Argos. The three first acts are spent by this prince in indecision whether he should receive them or not. In the fourth he grants them hospitality, and in the fifth refuses to deliver them into the hands of a messenger whom Egyptus had sent. Such is the whole of the simple and very interesting plot of this *tragedy!*

The subject of the *Seven Chiefs* is the Siege of Thebes. This piece though as deficient as the preceding in the chief requisites of a drama, contains many passages blazing with poetical genius, descriptions which Homer himself need not blush to have written, and some scenes truly pathetic. The third act is entirely dedicated to a description of each of the seven chiefs, by a Theban officer who informs his King, Eteocles of the disposition of the foe. Eteocles listens and appoints a brave officer to defend each point menaced with an attack. As the whole of this act is highly poetical we will give a free and *original* translation of some passages in which Æschylus does not yield the palm even to the father of Epic poetry. The officer speaks:

" Close to Ismenus' banks Tydeus rages
" And looks destruction to the gate of Pretus.
" In vain the waters check his course; in vain
" The trembling Augur bids him dread the Gods
" That frown upon his rashness; like the ser-
" pent,
" Whose ire flames kindling with the southern
" suns,
" This threat'ning warrior fears and omens
" scorns,
" Shakes whilst he speaks his helmet's plumed
" terrors
" And strikes his echoing shield, where on the
" steel
" The eye of night beams midst a host of stars,
" His glance shoots lightning, and a pointed
" spear
" Gleams in his hand; he calls for war and
" slaughter,
" Like the proud courser, that with uprais'd
" ear
" Lists to the thund'ring clangors of the battle,
" Quivers with bursting ardour, neighs with
" joy
" And loudly answers all the notes of war."

Melanippus, the son of Astacus is opposed to Tydeus, and the officer proceeds:

"Close by Electra's gate, a rock of might
" Capaneus tow'rs. O may protecting Heav'n
" His threats confound! All human stature
" shrinks
" Besides his giant height; he swears our walls
" Shall sink beneath his arm, by allied Gods
" In vain defended. Loud his impious voice
" Challenges Fate, Olympus, Jove himself,
" ' In vain,' he cries,' would Jove his thunders
" hurl
" My strength to blight; the peals that rock
" the earth
" Like noontide murm'ring breezes greet mine
" ear.'
" To scatter terror wide, a naked man
" Arm'd with a flaming torch, his brazen
" shield
" Bears, with these fatal words, ' I'll fire the
" city.'
" Who will you bid this warrior's wrath defy?
" Or who will dare resist him?"

The honour of contending with this giant is granted to Polifontes, and the Theban continues;

" Hippomedon near Pallas' ramparts lifts
" His vast and pond'rous shield; where, as I
" saw
" I started shuddering! the artist's hand
" Has traced on steel a threatning Titan's form!
" There, from his burning lips does Typhon
" pour
" Dark streams of rolling smoke, whilst ser-
" pents round
" Unfold their twisted necks. This warrior's
" shouts
" Strike terror thro' the heart, &c.
* * * * * * * * * *
" Far towards the north, near Amphion's sa-
" cred tomb
" Breathing destruction, young Parthenope

"With equal pride impatient stalks. He vows,
"Vows on his spear, the only God he courts,
"His arm shall conquer, e'en tho' Jove forbid.
"A Dryad's son, born 'neath the mountain woods
"He fled Arcadia's vales, when youth's light shade
"Scarce darken'd o'er his cheeks. Tho' godlike blood
"Flow thro' his veins, uncheck'd his fierceness rages.
"Pride flashes from his eye, and insult dwells
"Upon his tongue. His armour e'en displays,
"To scare our warriors and to mock our grief,
"The Sphinx, curst author of our ceaseless woes."

The chorus composed of Theban virgins express their fears and supplications in lines too richly poetical not to deserve being faithfully translated.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

"What deadly terrors chill our hearts! what hosts
"Of foes our walls surround! We stand aghast—
"The timid dove thus from the fields of air
"Beholds the pouncing kite, and trembling spreads
"A pow'rless wing to shield her callow brood.
"What fate is ours! War's heroes round our walls
"Their jav'lins hurl! O Gods! protect the ramparts
"Great Cadmus built; if e'er their pride must fall
"Beneath a foreign hand, if e'er you leave
"This city's bosom and the wholesome tide
"Which Dirce pours across our verdant plains
"Where shall a sweeter spot your presence claim?
"Ye Gods! who o'er Agenor's city watch
"Shed terror o'er our foes, and blast their rage,
"Save Thebes, and once more shall your altars blaze
"With incence kindled at the flame of conquest.
"Could you behold, O Gods! these famous ramparts
"Crush'd by the hand of war?, and Thebes' pure virgins
"Sweep with their flowing hair the victor's feet?
"Our captive citizens, like vilest herds
"Drag'd fetter'd thro' the streets of kingly Argos?—
"What tumults thunder round? O hapless city,
"Dost weep thy children and thy future woes?
"How hard's the fate of virgin innocence
"Whom love had cheer'd with hopes of wedded bliss;
"How hard to leave her childhood's dear abode,
"Fainting to glut the rav'nous warrior's lust!
"Death frees us from the arms of conq'ring foes,
"Let death be ours then.

——"Vict'ry loosens guilt.
"The soldier bends beneath the weight of plunder,
"Drags captive victims, fires the peaceful roof;
"With slaughter drunk, red with the glare of flames,
"Mars stalks exulting; listens to the shrieks
"Of murder'd infants, violated mothers,
"And yells with joy, o'er prostrate temples treads.
"Rapine his helpmate struggles o'er the dead
"To snatch a bloody fragment. 'Round the warriors
"Ceres's pillaged stores are heap'd; whilst trembling
"Their beautious captive fill the festive cup
"Stain'd with their parents gore! fate has enslaved them
"And doom'd them, horrid change, with servile love
"To grace a master's bed, and e'en forget
"Their mothers had not taught their spotless youth
"The courtesan's vile art."

In our next we will endeavour to close our remarks on Æschylus and his dramas, and proceed to the examination of those of Sophocles.

(To be continued.)

E. B.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. XI.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Critics I read ————————————
And Hypers upon them, again;
From whose remarks I give Opinion
Of twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one.——*Prior.*

EXTENDED as the sphere of their operation now is, the utility of Literary Reviews seems extremely problematical. Whether we consider their controul over popular opinion, or their effect on the productions of genius, whether as referring to society or to individuals, the effusions of periodical criticism demand attention and investigation. While the number of writers has rapidly augmented, their censors have at least proportionably multiplied. We are already in possession of several omnipotent treatises, as—Every Man his own Gardener—Every Man his own Brewer—Every Man his own Lawyer—Every Man his own Physician—Every Man, in this favoured island, is happily his own Statesman also; and we may therefore reasonably expect some work, that will soon constitute Every Man his own Critic. Many worthy persons, I am aware, unfeignedly exult in the contemplation of our gigantic approaches towards national perfectibility. These see nothing before them, but years of illumination and beneficence, the millenium of philosophy, of which the golden age was merely shadowy. However gratifying such speculations may be, and however plausible, they are not hastily to be indulged. We are recalled from them by realities. Perhaps a man may be his own gardener without much detriment to his *parterre*, and his own brewer with advantage to his health; but he cannot with safety be his own lawyer, or his own physician; nor can he pretend, without ridicule, to be his own statesman, or his own critic. I therefore look upon our *qualifying* authors with considerable suspicion.

Self-sufficiency forms the prominent characteristic of the present age; and the EDINBURGH REVIEWERS, it is evident, partake pretty largely of this feeling. Great abilities they unquestionably possess, aided by considerable learning; but it is by the application of these advantages, however excellent in themselves, that their utility must finally be determined. The system of criticising adopted by these Reviewers is liable to many objections.—"They," the writers of *The Edinburgh Review*, observes a contemporary author, and one of some celebrity, "place themselves unauthorised on the "bench; and call every man, who publishes a "book, as a criminal to their bar: they treat "him as a criminal, and their malignity has "gained them credit; for they utter those "things which men of honour and integrity "would wish to be concealed. They also gain "credit by their mode of reviewing, which "carries with it the appearance of reading and "learning; though, for the most part, they "borrow both from the author, whom, at the "same time, they are treating with the utmost "cruelty." There is too much truth in this strain of animadversion. Mind is power, and power the most desirable; but the value of this intellectual prerogative, this royalty of nature, depends, like every other human ascendancy, entirely on the manner in which it is administered.

The asperity of reviewing, of which *The Edinburgh Review* exhibits so many instances, has given currency to an opinion absolutely hostile to the real interests of literature. Criticism is now become synonimous with condemnation. Instead of guiding, it seems the business of critics to mislead the judgment; and, instead of fostering, to depress talents. Men take up a modern literary review not to discover merit or derive information, but to cater for ridicule or gratify malevolence; and are only displeased, when they find no means of satiating the weakest and worst of their passions! Is it nothing so to have vitiated the public taste? Reviews have not only generated many smatterers in knowledge, but have gone far to extinguish the pure light of literature altogether.

These sentiments may appear extraordinary, they may not be calculated to meet the opinion of the day, but they are, nevertheless, the result of observation.

With all its excellences, *The Edinburgh Re-*

view has three prominent defects:—it is always cynical, it is often partial, and it is sometimes negligently written. Either of these accusations call for defence, and each of them may be fully substantiated.

Taking the current number of *The Edinburgh Review* in exemplification of these remarks, and it is one of the least exceptionable, I shall first comment on its *partiality*.—And here the account of "Fox's History of James II." furnishes an undeniable evidence of the charge now preferred. "For ourselves," says the reviewer, "we are happy to say, that *we "have not been disappointed at all*; but, on "the contrary, very greatly *moved* [Is not *this* "a Scoticism?] and delighted with the greater "part of this singular volume." "We do not "think," he continues, "it has any great value "as a history; [Observe his contradictariness!] "nor is it very admirable as a piece of compo-"sition." What then, it will naturally be enquired, is the merit of this literary performance, which ought to have been a legitimately written history, but which, according even to its most partial reviewer, has no "great value "as a history" and is not "very admirable as "a piece of composition?" "Nothwithstand-"ing all this," adds the Critic, "the work, "*we think*, is *invaluable*; not only *as a memo-"rial of the high principles and gentle dispo-"sitions of its illustrious author*, &c. It is "delightful as the picture of a character; and "most instructive and opportune, as a remem-"brancer of public duties." It is from these considerations, and these only, that Mr. Fox's work has "not disappointed" *The Edinburgh Review*; though it is pretty clear that most of the English, who, instead of "the picture of "a character," did expect from Mr. Fox the "History of James II." "sit down to the "perusal of the work very likely to rise dis-"appointed!!" If they are not, like the Edinburgh Reviewers, "greatly moved and "delighted," it is, according to those gentlemen, because the English are not "at all on "their guard against the *delusive* effect of *na-"tural* emotions;" or, in other words, that those who anticipated the perusal of a genuine history of important events, have no just right to be disappointed when they meet only with "an opportune remembrancer of public du-"ties," which, however, "in our *indolent re-"liance upon the imperishable virtue of our "constitution*, we appear to have forgotten!"

Mr. Fox, it appears, is entitled to other praise, equally singular and perfectly original. —He uniformly displays, and this is "*by far "the most remarkable thing in his book*," "a "most amiable sensibility to all the kind and "domestic affections, and a sort of *soft-heart-"edness* towards the sufferings of individuals, "which seems hitherto to have been thought "*incompatible with the stern dignity of his-"tory*."—"He expresses indeed, throughout, "a high-minded contempt for what is base, "and a detestation for what is cruel; but yet "is *constantly led*, by a sort of generous preju-"dice in favour of human nature, *to admit all "possible palliations for the conduct of the in-"dividual delinquent*," &c. &c. Now this is something too much. If the herd of snivelling novelists be insufferable, what will be thought when we are threatened with a race of whimpering historians? It is not only "incom-"patible with the stern *dignity* of history," but also with its *integrity*, to "admit *all pos-"sible palliations* for the conduct of the indi-"vidual *delinquent*," and thus to commute with criminality; by making the *historian* an *advocate* for the persons of those whose actions he is bound impartially to record, and faithfully to appretiate. All this, in the present instance, seems nothing to the Edinburgh Reviewer, who, in the plenitude of eulogy, thinks that Mr. Fox "has given a *New Character to History*, "by this *soft* [kind soul!], and *condescending* "[magnanimous creature!], *concern for the "feelings of individuals*; and not only left a "splendid record of the gentleness [alas, for "*Warren Hastings*, and *Viscount Melville*, and "*Marquis Wellesley*, and ———; but these, "one must suppose, were *living* delinquents!] "and affectionate simplicity of his own dispo-"sitions, but *set an example by which* we hope "that *men of genius may be taught hereafter "to render their instructions more engaging "and impressive*." There is, however, little danger that this mode of composition, so subversive of the purposes of history, will be generally adopted, or, if acted upon, that it would be long tolerated.

Very few persons are unacquainted with the politics of Mr. Fox. Speaking of Hume, with reference to his historical productions, he says, in a letter to Mr. Laing, that "He was an ex-"cellent man, and of great powers of mind; "but *his partiality to kings and princes is in-"tolerable*. Nay," continues Mr. Fox, "it "is, *in my opinion*, quite ridiculous; and is "more like the foolish admiration which wo-"men and children sometimes have for kings, "than the opinion, right or wrong, of a philo-"sopher." This by no means satisfies his reviewer. He, indeed, disdains keeping any

terms with greatness; and when commenting on the expedition and the catastrophe of the Duke of Monmouth, as detailed by Mr. Fox, he observes, "Though Mr. Fox has a laudable jealousy of kings indeed, we are afraid "*he has rather a partiality for nobles.*" Perhaps it would not be impossible to account for this "partiality,"—this jealousy of royalty but attachment to nobility,—a distinction which wholly escapes the scrutiny of the reviewer.

So zealously has this reviewer enlisted himself under the banners of party, that he broadly assents, without the least apparent hesitation, to one of the most disputable positions ever attempted to be established. His usual sagacity seems here to desert him; and without stopping to consider objections or endeavouring to reason upon facts, he at once assumes the character of judge, instead of examiner, and determines against evidence and tradition. "It seems," observes the present reviewer, "to be Mr. "Fox's great object, in this first chapter, to "prove that the object of his [James's] early "policy *was not to establish the Catholic Religion*, but to make himself absolute and independent of his Parliament. *We consider "this point* therefore," it is afterwards added, "and it is *one of no small importance* in the "history of this period, *as sufficiently established.*"—"Sufficiently established!" *how*, and *by whom?* "Sufficiently established," by the sophistical reasoning of *Mr. Fox*, and the authoritative judgment of *The Edinburgh Review!!* Both had a purpose to answer in establishing such a persuasion, however erroneous; and, as far as ingenuity and dogmatism can influence opinion, they have equally laboured the accomplishment of their design.

Something like malicious satisfaction offers itself to any one who should undertake to expose the political peccability of *The Edinburgh Review*. I shall select two or three specimens. "In the same classical neighbourhood [Scio]," says the reviewer of *Macgill's Travels in Turkey*, "they celebrated the birth-day 'of "'the best of sovereigns' with due zeal and "solemnity. 'They drank 'Homer's wine' to "his health;—they sung 'the Britons hymn, "'God save the King,' &c. &c. The Greeks, "on their part, receiving some bottles of rum "from our author, on this heart-inspiring occasion, broke forth in devotional exercises, "in favour of our monarch, whom they prayed "for to all their saints, under the appropriate "appellation which they gave him, after their "oriental manner, of 'The Favourite of God,' "a name happily expressive of the whole "course and character of the most fortunate, "glorious, and successful reign, both at home "and abroad, in America as well as in Europe, "of which the history of the world hath preserved any record. A considerable abuse "then follows, judiciously directed, in honour "of the same great occasion, at the French "Consul," &c. After this sample of the *sneering* style, the reader may, perhaps, desire to see one of the *determined* style.—Adverting to the rumoured appointment of the Duke of York to command the British Army designed for the assistance of Spain, "We may remark by the "way," observes the Reviewer of Mr. Whitbread's Letter to Lord Holland, "that the "*truly British* public [Is *this* meant complimentarily, or sarcastically?] seem wholly to "have forgotten, upon this question, their "usual predilection for the taste and feelings "of the sovereign. Highly as we rejoice in "the circumstance, we cannot help [vigilant "patriot!] pointing out its inconsistency with "former and very recent popular clamours; "and we may be permitted to marvel [wonderful enigma!], that, where the Spaniards "are concerned, scarcely a voice should be "raised for the paternal feelings and amiable "family-prejudices of the Monarch in 1808, "among a people which, one little year before, "was loud, and almost sanguinary, in denouncing those upright and enlightened statesmen "who dared to thwart the king's prejudices "against four millions of his Irish subjects!" What pity, that so intrepid a politician should reason illogically! If the "*people* were loud, "and almost sanguinary, in denouncing" those "statesmen" who advised Catholic Emancipation, why are the *king's* "prejudices" *only* held up as presenting an insuperable bar to the views of "four millions of his Irish subjects?" Where, too, is the parallel between the *Spaniards* and the *Irish Catholics*; unless, indeed, it can be shewn, that to assist in preserving the Church of Spain, is to forward the downfall of the Church of England? His Majesty, however, is not the only Protestant in this country; and what must impartial men feel, if the Edinburgh Reviewers, notwithstanding their disloyal imputations to the contrary, explicidly admit the fact?—"If it be really true," says their Reviewer of certain tracts on the State of of Ireland, "that the middling and lower ranks "of society in this country are by no means "prepared to consider the Irish Roman Catholics as fellow-Christians worshipping the "same God, and fellow-subjects entitled to "the same civil privileges; if they are really

"so bigotted," &c. &c. Why all these *ifs*—if the matter were otherwise than I have just stated it? This kind of misrepresentation is, nevertheless, perfectly consistent with the notions of men who would define patriotism, of the highest order, to be "a certain *blind feeling of nationality*," and characteristic chiefly of a "*mob*," the "dissolute and servile populace," who "may be pronounced unfit for a republican government." I could enlarge abundantly on these particulars; but it will be enough if, in the language of *The Edinburgh Review*, they "teach us some lessons!" It may be useful to have pointed out deficiences and aberrations, in those who arrogate to themselves so much of intellectual domination, and from whose decisions there remains scarcely an appeal.

While I am far from expecting to make any impression on the minds of those against whom these strictures are directed, I still hope to render some incidental service to literature generally, and shall therefore proceed with my remarks on *The Edinburgh Review*.

Its criticisms on the *Belles Letters* have deservedly obtained considerable estimation. The review of *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*, forms one of the most interesting articles in the present number; it is ably and wittily written; and, save that it bears rather too hard on the black-letter folk, it is almost unexceptionable. Humourous remonstrances and serious complaints are alternately vented by the critic, in a style of the happiest irony and most animated reprehension. Like the far-famed "*Miseries of Human Life*," however, "the ponderous feebleness of commentators" rather encumbers than overpowers, rather teazes than torments; while it excites our displeasure, it seems to supplicate our commisseration. So much restlessness of research, so much indefatigability of idleness, so much mental misapplication, so much discrimination without discovery, and annotation without advantage, so many designs discomfitted and anticipations annihilated, require some consideration, and call for some lenity. Let us not then hastily undervalue the labours of the antiquarian: still, if his exertions are ever to be useful, his mind should be directed to subjects worthy of his attention, and calculated to reward his enquiries.—"There is no "getting a morsel of pure Shakspeare," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, alluding to his commentators, "when we have once mixed him "with these viler ingredients; and we recollect the happy days when we knew nothing "of commentators, and little of difficulties, "with something of the same feeling with "which we recal the irrecoverable innocence "and simplicity of childhood." I was not a little surprised to find this critic disposed to confer any credit on Mr. Douce's exertions. Wishing, as may be supposed, to abate something of general severity, he has admitted one of that gentleman's *conjectural corrections* of his author's text, without any positive necessity. "The only other correction that we "have noted," says *The Edinburgh Review*, "is in *Cymbeline*, where *Arviragus*, lamenting "over the body of *Imogen*, says,

"——— "the ruddock would,
"With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
"Yea, and furr'd moss besides; when flowers
"are none
"To *winter-ground* thy corse."

Mr. Douce conceives "there will be no im-"propriety in offering a substitute in *winter-"green*; as—to preserve thy tomb green with "moss in the winter season, when there will be "no flowers wherewith to deck it," &c. With all due deference to the sagacious erudition of Mr. Douce, and not without avowing the most profound respect for the critical confirmations of *The Edinburgh Review*, the epithet "winter-ground" is not less intelligible than the proposed emendation of "winter-green," while it strikes me, especially with reference to the *style* of Shakspeare, as infinitely more poetical. To '*winter-ground*' seems really to imply nothing more, than that flowers will not be found to bedeck that earth which winter renders blossomless, but only, instead of flowers, 'furr'd moss,' &c. What, then, does Mr. Douce's substitute propose?

Men may certainly be good critics without being good writers. To detect the faults of critics, even with respect to the art of composition, is, notwithstanding, a laudable amusement. When the Edinburgh Reviewer talks of a "sacred flame" he is plainly intelligible; but when he tells us that this flame was "chilled by an atmosphere of false policy," the illustration tends only to obscurity. He is almost as unhappy in denominating Mr. Wilberforce "the great *captain* of the aboli-"tionists." If he had been called the great *leader* of the abolitionists, the term would have been accurate; or he might, with an eye to the tactics of the senate, have been ranked as general of the abolitionists. "Simplicity and sen-"sibility of heart" are elsewhere described as "objects of *veneration* and *envy*." This form of expression, it cannot be denied, is colloquial and sanctioned by the usage of common

life, but it is highly irregular, and, in point of fact, improper.

"They [Macgill's volumes of Travels] contain a number of anecdotes *which* throw light "on the Turkish character, and bring us better "acquainted with the present state of *their* "country."—*Edinburgh Review, vol.* xii. *p.* 319. What country? Turkey, doubtlessly; but the construction of the sentence might induce us to think it was the *country of anecdotes*, and that these anecdotes brought us better acquainted with the state of it. It is vain to talk of the country of the "Turkish character."

"Part of the populace of Verona *was* stimulated to rise, &c.; and, after, &c. *were* enabled to subvert its establishment."—*P.* 385. The following is both inelegant and uncritical. "Mr. Douce, *we suppose*, is as good as any of "them."—*P.* 450.

"We have particular *access* indeed to know, "that General Hamilton, &c."—*P.* 471. To *whom* has the Reviewer this *access?* He ought to have said, We have particular *means* of knowing, &c. &c. We have particular *cause to* know, or *reasons for* knowing, &c.

"He [Mr. Mitford] is *eaten up with the affectation* of spelling better than any of his "neighbours."—*P.* 479. This is pure *lady-like, tea-table, toilet phrasealogy!* By the way, when *The Edinburgh Review* adverts to the affectation of *spelling* better than contemporaries, one may be suffered to ask why the word d-i-spatch is there spelt d-e-spatch?

"The work before us [*Mitford's History of "Greece*] is one which will bear to be commended with discrimination; and its excellences, if faithfully displayed, may sustain "such a contrast of shadow as would perfectly "extinguish the farthing brightness of those "novels founded on fact, commonly called histories."—*P.* 478. The Edinburgh Reviewers are fond of similes and metaphors, and they would, therefore, do well to be more choice in their selection of figurative language. To say little in derogation of the term "*farthing* "*brightness*," it is far beneath the dignity of critical adaptation; and, by a very natural association of ideas, reminds one so much of the song entitled the "Little Farthing Rushlight," as to excite only the lowest feeling of the ridiculous. It is, indeed, wholly misapplied, even when designed to bring into contempt "those "novels founded on fact, commonly called "histories."

I now terminate these observations on THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. If my animadversions have the appearance of severity, if I have, in examining the general character of that publication, been scrupulously inquisitive, it is because the writers of it challenge to themselves more than ordinary merit, and have consolidated, even in the republic of letters, a very formidable aristocracy. It is the business of opinion to counteract the effects of this confederacy. Their political dogmas they do not condescend to disguise; nor can they be reasonably offended, if holding, as they affect to do, the writings of others in contempt, their own are analysed with hypercritical fastidiousness.——"In the "judgment of reason," *Edinburgh Review, vol.* xii. *p.* 479, "the *matter* of a book is perhaps "before its *manner*; but this judgment has "been reversed by the consent of all ages—"'*neither gods, nor men, nor columns,' allowing that what is not well written has any title* "*to be well read*, or, indeed, to be read at all." This reflection is so apposite, that I cannot do better than conclude with it. *JUSTUS.*

ADVICE TO ACTORS, *ET HOC GENUS OMNE.*

AS a monarch at the commencement of a campaign distributes his orders to the commanders of his armies, so at the opening of the theatrical campaign, *Old Motley* dispenses his advice to the heroes and heroines, not of the *day*, but of the *night*; yet before I commence my lecture, I must turn over a leaf in my grammar, as I have to address you not only in the masculine and feminine, but also in the neuter gender; and as the old scholiasts say the masculine is more worthy than the feminine, I must, in defiance to the laws of politeness, give the ladies the *second* place; as for the neuters we shall, for the present, leave them behind the curtain at the Opera House, the only place where they ought to be admitted *behind the curtain*.

"When Roscius was an actor at Rome," if any person had offered him advice, I dare say he would have been as little thanked as I shall be, though I shall take peculiar care "*not to* "*o'erstep the modesty of nature!*"—Nay, fear

not! I shall not annoy you with a repetition of *Hamlet's* speech; my advice shall be of a more pleasing kind. Some people would tell you to study your *character*, I recommend that you should study *yourself!* The audience in general lose sight of the *character*, why then should *you* keep it in view? Who that listens to the conversation, between the acts in the pit, or even during the performance in the boxes, ever hears it said, "How great is *Coriolanus*, *Falstaff*, or *Tom Thumb?*"—No, it is, "how "great is Mr. A. B. C. See! how he walks! "Look how he struts, &c.!" and, besides, as it is the fashion now to write characters for particular performers, the public would be disappointed, if the performer did not enact *himself*.

When you make your first appearance for the night, come on the stage with your eye fixed on the audience, and with *your bow* ready prepared, *secundum artem*, as it is possible you may be clapped by some who *know you*, and by some who *do not*. This fulfils the grand rule of "Suit your action to the occasion," shews your confidence, and prevents your being taken unawares. If you are a *Lady* indeed, whether *Roxalana*, or *Yarico*, a *fashionable curtsie* shews your knowledge of *ancient* as well as *savage* manners, and marks the characteristic humility of a tragedy Queen.

Recollect that you do not come on the stage to please your brother performers, but to please the *public*, therefore, instead of plaguing yourself with the bye play, attend *to them*, and if you are a handsome well-made fellow, *keep an eye upon the boxes*.

The most awkward situation in which two actors can be placed, is whilst the overture, or symphony is playing in a duet; here, if you are fond of music, you may shew your skill, by beating time with your feet, or may employ yourself in a critical survey of the side scenes. When your duet is finished, turn your back to the audience, and pretend to walk off, but keep an eye over your left shoulder—it is ten to one, that some fellow, ambitious of being a public speaker, may roar out, "*encore.*" In this case, however high your companion may stand in the public estimation as a singer, always take the compliment to yourself, and remember, that he who makes the *lowest* bow, always gets the *highest* applause. To my *female* pupils, I would recommend on these occasions *never to agree!* if your companion is disposed to return, you must refuse, and *è contra*; this keeps the audience in a pleasing suspense, and your little jarring *tête-a-tête* in the back scene, shews how well you can act.

If you, Sir, by your good luck, or your superior genius, should be *composer* as well as *singer*, you may have the game in your own hands, and though you play for the chance of the table, you are too good a *player*, not to take care of the *side pockets*; to preserve your own superiority as a *singer*, you will be careful to *compose* such ditties as nobody can sing but yourself; and should even the orchestra be unable to play them, it will only require a little alteration in the bills of the day—"a "new opera, written, composed, and *sung*, "by Mr. &c." If you are in a hurry to produce an *original* piece of music, any old German concerto, turned topsy turvy, will answer your purpose; should you however be accused of borrowing, you may quote precedent for its legality, in the *Children of Israel*, when leaving the land of Egypt. As the doctrine of *equality* has been long fashionable in other subjects, you will of course attend to it in your compositions; some old-fashioned composers, such as Handel, Purcel, &c. were careful to give most notes to the longest words, whilst such poor little fellows as "the," "to," and "by," were obliged to hop along, happy even in being coupled with a *demi semi quaver*; not so, however, Sir, with you, if little "the" comes into your clutches, you will run him up with the rapidity of a sky-rocket to F in alt, and then let him tumble down through all the semi tones, breaking his shins against the flats and sharps, till the astonished hearers in dire alarm for the fate of your favourite, feel happy to see him caught in his fall, by a well placed minum, into which he dexterously slides, like the hand of a pickpocket into your watch fob.

If you, Madam, are a celebrated actress, and a new piece has a great run, it is vulgar to perform *always*, when you can do it by proxy; —let your double take her share of the fatigue: this is particularly convenient if you are engaged *to sup out*; affords a young actress an *opportunity* of shewing herself, and gives your maid an *opportunity* of writing an apology to the Manager.

If you are an angel, or a goddess, and coming to us in a cloud, always appear frightened! it looks pretty, gives some of the devils an occasion of handing you out, and shews, though an inhabitant of heaven, that you have no dislike to *spirits* whilst on this earth.

If cruel fate has placed you, indeed, no higher than a figurante, or a chorus singer, take care, by over doing your part, to shew that you have a redundance of action, which might be better employed elsewhere; who

knows but it may get you an *engagement*, and you are not bound to plod all your life behind the *same curtain*.

If an *actor* of merit should happen to appear, it is your place, Sir, to imitate him; for if the town are pleased with him, they will have no objection to him at second hand;—and to *succeed* in your imitation, be careful to copy his *absurdities*, for *there* you will be most likely to *equal*, if not to *excel*. As Shakspeare was a player, and afterwards a play-writer, so must you be also, it is the fashion—and gives you *éclat*; when you publish, though the *law* calls you vagabond, be careful to let us know that you are an *Esquire*; some of our old writers indeed were content to put *Gent* after their names, but *that* is too low a designation for *you*, and one to which you withdraw all claim. Though you apply to the cast off dramas of the Parisian stage for a *new* play, you need not tell all the world that you understand French, by saying you *translated* it—no, no! it is the *ton* now to say *altered*, and execrable stuff indeed must they have been in the original, unless they were spoiled in the alteration. In the composition of your piece you may so far comply with the Aristotelian rule, as to let it have a beginning, and a middle, but as for an end it need have none other, than the falling of the curtain; this is the grand secret of keeping interest awake, like the dashes at the conclusion of *Tristram Shandy's Chapters*, or the "*To be* "*continued*" of a modern periodical work.

My female pupils, if they cannot *write*, may oblige the world with a new edition of some old plays, with a commentary and notes; this with the help of a pearl letter, and the embellishments of the engraver, will keep them from sinking in Old Lethe's stream.

As the pulpit, the bar, *and the stage*, are esteemed the great arbiters of pronunciation, *you* must perform your part; and here the grand secret is to excite attention by singularity. In this part of your duty, *you* have great advantages; for having *learnt* no language whatever, the world cannot accuse you of being shackled by prejudice. To shew that you are above the trammels of scholastic precision, let your variations be *ad libitum*, the less reason you can give for your new reading the fewer reasons can be brought *against* it, and the odds are, that you have all the fools in your favour.

Should you, Sir, have made your first appearance on the grand stage of the world, under some fortunate planet, you may, perhaps, arrive at the dignity of *acting manager*; this, indeed, is an elevation at which few can arrive, but for which you must be well qualified, having so long played the tyrant. You will in the first place remember, that although there were two kings at Brentford, there could not be two Cæsars at Rome; yet though you keep down the aspiring, you will always have one or two *great men* under you; these you will find in the green-room, where you will also reign paramount, a Grand Signior among female beauty. When a new actress comes to your shop, whether she springs from the nursery, or from a country theatre, you will always find it necessary to give her a few private lessons, and it is your own fault, if you do not qualify her for the part she has to act; like a skilful General, you will, however, reconnoitre your ground well, otherwise you may be obliged to *decamp* sooner than you expected.

As Manager, you must also *write*, as it is called now; that is, you must *alter* some good old play, but as to *improving* it, that you may leave for some less daring hand; if you cannot *invent* a good thing in your alterations, you may double the good things of your author; thus if he introduces a conjuror with *one* daughter, *you* may give him two; this will answer several good purposes, it will serve to keep the evil spirits in order, as two women are a match for the devil, at any time, and it will enable the heroine to develope her prurient ideas, in a conversation, which she could not so well do in a soliloquy.

Thus have I slightly touched, ladies and gentlemen, on a few of your masculine and feminine duties; little indeed now remains to be noticed in the gender, which we have left in reserve, and as they have no very prominent features, we will leave them to jog on smoothly in their professional walk, until the good sense and delicacy of Old England shall drive those nonentities from her stage, and assert the *true* rights of man.

The curtain drops—*Valete et plaudite!*

TURKISH LETTERS.

No. III.

EXPOUNDER of the law of our holy prophet! great as is thy skill in discovering the hidden meaning of the divine Cabala, yet here would thy penetration avail thee but little; here wouldst thou be unable to reconcile the contradictions which pervade every action of these ever changing infidels. Our Drogoman, after laughing at my seeking for wisdom in the works of their philosophers, recommended to my perusal the loose sheets which were laid upon our breakfast table, and assured me that the wisdom of past ages had nothing to do with the *news of the day*; trusting to his assertion, I commenced my research, and having gone carefully over one, considered myself as sufficiently enlightened; in this, however, I was wrong, for mentioning to my friend Abdallah what I had read, he assured me that it was very different from what the Drogoman had read to him. I now took up another of these sheets, and soon found, indeed, that the opinions I had formed were very erroneous, for instead of believing that the statesmen who regulate this mighty empire, were the best, the wisest, and the most active who had ever guided the state, I was now convinced that they were imbecile, foolish, and incapable of filling their situations, and that their only merit was in doing nothing, by which, they avoided doing wrong. All these infidels are politicians, and they are all at present so busily engaged in regulating the affairs of one of the neighbouring states, that they seem totally regardless of their own; but here I also find are two parties, who must never agree on any one subject, for what one asserts, the other must contradict. Now it happens unfortunately, that it must be the fashion for both parties to be pleased with the exertions of this neighbouring nation; how then you will ask are they to differ on a point in which they are agreed? Yet, however difficult that may appear, to these people who live in paradoxes, nothing can be easier. One praises the nation, because it is roused in support of their ancient government, another, because having got rid of that government, they now shew their powers in acting without it; one praises it as the cause of the Prince, another, as the cause of the people; one gives us more good news than can possibly be true, another affects to disbelieve that which is true, and wishes it may not be worse; one asserts that this country ought to interfere and do every thing; the other, that it ought to do nothing. But the exertions of these politicians are not confined to their news editors alone, for by these daily sheets, it appears that they act plays in honour of the cause, and one patriotic individual has made orations in favour of it, where any lukewarm patriot who wishes to have his indignation roused, may have the operation performed for three shillings and sixpence; nay, more at many places, great quantities of wine have been drank to ensure eventual success; such indeed is the eagerness of all to shew their hearty wishes in the cause, that many of the richest inhabitants of this opulent city, have actually gone through the fatigue of *eating a dinner*, in order to promote it. To assist in this august ceremony, were present the Ambassadors of the favoured nation, and so great was the anxiety *to give them a dinner*, that they were invited to it some weeks before it was known whether money enough could be raised to pay for it. The money was raised, however, by dint of advertising, for every body was invited to come, even to the day before the dinner, and the only stipulation was to bring five guineas, to ensure a welcome. During the *dinner*, the company were unanimous, and if the cause of liberty had depended upon their exertions, the coy goddess must have triumphed over the whole world; this important business over, they had time then to think of all their friends whose health they most devoutly wished; but here, unfortunately, a small mistake took place, for the *President* of the feast happened to talk of some of his *own friends*, who were not generally considered as the friends of the company, which immediately produced what some Englishman are ever unhappy without—an opposition. Now as an advertisement produced the dinner, so the dinner produced an advertisement, in which the *President* of the feast said, that when he talked of *another President*, he made use of the little word "*and*," and that he would not for the world have replaced it by a *smaller* word "*of*;" this, however, did not satisfy, for they asserted that the concern in which they were engaged, was not a favourite concern "of" the said President, "and" that the said President ought not to have been

introduced. Thus you see, most learned Effendi, that the contending nations, by the assistance of these newspapers, will be informed how *much blood* and wine have been spilled in the cause in this metropolis; they will also learn, that three pound weight of turtle, besides other delicacies, were prepared for each visitor; whilst the lover of good things will deprecate the *too rapid* spreading of this spirit of resistance amongst the nations of Europe, as a series of dinners of this nature before the arrival of their next fleets, would cause a scarcity in the turtle market, which must infallibly impede their patriotic operations. But it is not in providing dinners only that their papers are useful; if a young lady wants twenty pounds, if a spendthrift wants a rich wife, or a widow to manage the concerns of an elderly gentleman, here they make known their wants and their wishes; here are generous characters who offer thousands to those who do not like to ask their friends—in short, here you may have every thing you can desire—if you are able to pay for it. Farewell!

(To be continued.)

STRICTURES ON THE LITERARY FUND.

"The pains of indigence are not to be removed by the prospect of posthumous justice; and the man, who is expiring under the wrongs of life, will not, perhaps, feel his sorrows to relent when he is told that his statue may be raised by the sons of those who are now abandoning him to starve."—*See the 'Transactions of the Society of the Literary Fund,' dated Aug.* 15, 1807.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been lately excited towards the transactions of the society entitled the Literary Fund. Twenty years having nearly elapsed since this institution acquired consistency and character, and various details of its proceedings having, during this period, been submitted to the world, perhaps the time is arrived, when we may be permitted to ask—"Has the utility of the Institution been incontrovertibly established by the evidence of its effects?"

If, however, this "Institution is as yet too young to supply us with the result of the experiment, and some years must still elapse before the influence of this establishment, on the general weal, can with any certainty be ascertained," it seems nevertheless desirable to examine its operation "with reference to the relief of individual distress;" and clearly to determine whether it "has already accomplished much good, and is daily proceeding, with the progress of its powers, to the accomplishment of more."

Many objections, I confess, have occurred to me respecting the Literary Fund. These objections I have been induced to reconsider, by the perusal of some remarks, which appeared in the last number of the *Monthly Magazine*, and which call for immediate investigation. This writer complains of general mismanagement on the part of that Society, and especially of the misapplication of its funds, which, he conceives, are accumulating "chiefly for *posterity*," while the "meritorious authors of the *present time*, who, in fact, have a real property in the Fund," are seriously "neglected!" He states a circumstance in corroboration of his censure, which, if true, is certainly alarming as it affects the "Claims" of living "Genius," and is highly reprehensible as it refers to the conduct of the Society. "On a certain day," continues M. P. "no *application could be relieved*, because the manager had that day *purchased too large a sum of three-per-cent consols!*"—Is this statement correct, authentic, indisputable? I could hope there was some mistake in it, did not my knowledge of the Literary Fund tend to confirm the contrary persuasion.

If the Literary Fund is designed for extensive and permanent utility, if it is to be alike honourable to those who confer and those who receive, if it is to be really beneficial to individuals and truly creditable to the community, it must become perfectly national. Its donations should be gratefully and liberally administered; with instantaneous promptitude, and with unfeigned delicacy. Eleemosynary aids are at all times sufficiently humiliating. When, therefore, this species of succour is to be extended not to parish paupers, not to unreflecting mendicity, but to him "who has

explored the laws of nature," or "explained and enforced the principles of morals," or "illustrated and improved the legislation of nations," or who has "cultivated the highest and most ethereal regions of fancy;" when these are the persons to whom assistance is to be extended,—and as such does the Literary Fund describe the objects of its protection,—surely it is not an alms-house pittance, superciliously bestowed, and, sometimes, ostentatiously rumoured, that can alleviate suffering and conciliate confidence! I appeal to those, notwithstanding, who have succeeded in their applications to the Literary Fund, whether most, if not all, of these evils did not attend the proceeding; whether they did not flow, as it were, with the very stream of benevolence? I appeal too, to the published proceedings of the Society. When they boast of having carried "comfort to the indigent old-age of the *Dramatist* who had often *bathed the theatre in tears or had set it in a roar*," the man may easily be identified; but when they advert to holding "*him* above the wave, who had dived for the pearl of *Eternal Truth*, and had happily recovered it from the depths of *Oriental Mythology*," it is quite impossible to mistake their allusion. Is it not abominable thus to lacerate individual feelings, that egotism may be gratified and curiosity indulged? So to have "exposed men with feelings and education, perhaps former habits, similar to their own," is infinitely worse than "revelling," as M. P. describes it, "over the pleasures of the table, amidst a profusion of wine, and sing-song, soft, enchanting, adulatory verse." With what propriety then does the Laureate of the Society assert, in his Address, recited by him at Freemasons' Hall, in April 1807, of this

——————"Virtuous Plan,
"That, while it *succours*, ne'er *degrades* the
"Man;
"Exposes not the Object of Relief,
"But *spares his feelings*, while it *ends his*
"*grief!*"

I do not mean to arraign Mr. Fitzgerald's official character. If it be true that poets succeed best in fiction, he has his apology so far; yet, in stating an affair of real moment, and one in which all parties are deeply interested, I wish he had condescended to speak the serious language of prose.

It is admitted, that the Literary Fund is too inefficient to have had any influence on the state of society; and that, in this point of view, some years are required to determine the result of the experiment. I am, however, disposed to think differently. The principle of the Institution has my most cordial wishes; it has now all the solidity of an Establishment, and, if I did not also discover in it some of the vices of establishments, I should be highly sanguine of its success.

Reverting to its effects on "Individual Distress," I am again compelled to differ from the managers of this Society. That they have "accomplished much good," I willingly admit; and that they are "proceeding to the accomplishment of more," I can sincerely believe; but I do maintain, owing to some of the causes to which I have alluded, and some which might still be specified, they have not accomplished all the good it has been in their power to effect. Success has not sufficiently stimulated them to exertion, and their munificence has not augmented with their resources.

This is not all the mischief. Were it required of me to point out the radical faults of the Literary Fund, as interfering with "individual "distress," I should deprecate the manner in which applications for relief are made, and in which such applications are relieved. Unsupported solicitations, I fear, are almost unavailing. Genius must have its advocate, or benevolence is seldom animated to liberality. If his situation be deplorably critical, and especially if penury has pressed the necessity of previous claims, the author must find somebody to plead his cause; he must possess some interest, or he will, after all his supplications, experience assistance wholly inadequate to his exigences. This is not the only discouraging consideration. Relief may also come too late; the process is often painfully tardy; and what was voted to retrieve a victim from the jaws of death, may arrive just in time to lay him decently in the grave! Should the succour be timely, should it at all answer the prayers of misfortune and the aspirations of anguish, still it is rendered as little palatable as possible. Alas, for poor genius in distress! —but, what right has poverty to fine feelings, or, in short, to any feeling of respectability? Let him once accept the bounty of the Literary Fund, let the son of mind obtain only "the "justice of bread" from these dispensers of charity, and there remains for him the last step of mental degradation. It is not enough, when these "great souls" explore his wretched haunt, it is not enough, "the smile that greets" them "on his faded countenance;" not enough, the wretchedness of a "workhouse," or the penalties of a "prison;" but he must raise

the tearful eye, extend the trembling hand, or soliloquise something approaching to thankfulness—he is duly expected to acknowledge, either in words or by letter, the beneficence of the Society! Is there an honourable man that could long safely submit to this system of progressive indignity? Ignorance may induce him to supplicate such support, or despair may drive him to desire it, but, if he finally acquiesces under its influence, if he does not rouse himself into recollection, he will gradually feel the very ground of human character give way, pusillanimously shroud himself from the sight of society, and sink into intellectual nothingness.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ANTI-SATIRIST.

No. I.

" Mais les Critiques, par une certaine habitude qu'ils ont contractée, ressemblent un peu au grand Dandin, qui allait toujours jugeant, même lorsqu' on ne lui demandait pas son avis!"

JOURNAL DES DEBATS.

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE SATIRIST.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU will doubtless be a little surprised to find that any one should aspire to tread in your steps, or feel emulous of sharing your excellence. Such, however, is the fact; and, while you are employed in ridiculing two thirds of mankind, you ought not to be offended if the other third happens to laugh at you. It is really monstrous for you to monopolize all the mirth in the world. Since there exist considerations enough to make many of us melancholy, and even miserable, it seems equitable to embrace all laudable occasions of amusement; and that we are especially entitled to be merry with those, whose sides are sometimes shaking at our expense. Gentlemen Satirists! will you allow us the indulgence?

Gentlemen, you are tolerably daring, but you are also commendably prudential. You generally select safe game for your pursuit; or else, where the event may be hazardous, you always labour to assuage the wounds you have inflicted. You have emollients, as well as corosives; and your alteratives would be admirable, if they were efficient.

Poor MILLER! after all the misplaced buffoonery you have assiduously heaped upon him, caution makes you pause in the midst of your satirical drudgery; you, forsooth, " can bear testimony to the liberality, honesty, and respectability of the Miller alluded to;" and, notwithstanding your unwarrantable conduct, you " are sure he possesses too much good sense to be offended with the liberty taken with his *name*." Aye, he is " a *paper miller*," and the *Satirist* may hope *to spoil some of his paper* for him; and, therefore, said *Satirist* trusts that said Miller " possesses too much good sense to be offended" so as to induce him to exclude his antagonist from the pale of his *future* " liberality!" If " the first and greatest Ass" should ever consent to take the " Satirist" also on his back, I think there will be reason enough, instead of eulogising his " good sense," to doubt whether " he possesses" common sense.

Believe me, gentlemen, I have not ornamented my book-case with " the head of a *Fox*," nor do I employ his " brush" to whisk the dust from my library shelves; I can partake cheerily in your Fox-chace, nor am I so exhausted by the pursuit, as, at the close of it, to lay supinely down even in " Holland sheets." I am as little likely to be found among the " crowding dupes" who " buy an expensive volume," merely to discover

" How peers can publish, and how statesmen
" write."

But I cannot help asking, what those considerations have to do with joining to " feudal titles"

" The designation of the harlot's line!"

To be called a publishing peer, is not of any particular consequence; but—and his Lordship cannot be mistaken—when the *Satirist* describes the same nobleman as the

" Vassal at once of avarice and lust;"

when he thus publicly imputes private *motives* and stigmatises private *character*, is he quite sure that he does not render himself obnoxious

to very serious retaliation? Is he not travelling out of the record? Has he forgotten what constitutes a libel; or, does he absolutely deride the law of retribution?

Are you in earnest, gentlemen *Satirists!* when you censure authors and ridicule saints? I really am tempted to entertain some suspicions on this head. Your criticisms are so violent, as in your Review of Mr. Whitbread's Letter to Lord Holland, and your accounts of the faithful are so extravagant, as in the article you call The Penitents, that you seem to design ironically to commend the former, and to labour to excite esteem for the latter!! Men, at least, naturally incline to suspect exaggerated descriptions, and to startle at virulent invectives; suspicion produces investigation, and this scrutiny often terminates in compassion, sometimes in respect, for the very objects of animadversion!

Gentlemen, excuse these admonitory hints. I wish to set you right, in a few instances; and therefore, with all possible good will towards you, I purpose occasionally to make some cursory remarks on your publication.

Bifrons.

UNION OF SAINTS; OR, WILLIAM HUNTINGTON AND LADY SANDERSON.

WONDERFUL are the vagaries of that goddess by some yclept fortune, but by pious folk often invoked as their Providence!—"If some people are up, I am down," ejaculated a decent-looking mechanic; as he emanated, with troublous step, from the shop of his pawnbroker. Not so the redoubtable subject of this paper, the never-to-be forgotten, and most astonishing, William Huntington, S. S. Whoever is down, he is now up; elevated beyond former measure, and promises, as far as I can learn, long to maintain his standing. He is solicitous to be still serviceable in his day and generation.

Marvellous man! who shall describe thy worth, thy exertions, and thy success? No longer *hunt*-ed from village to village, from town to town, from county to county, thou art gloriously established in that "resort and mart of all the earth," the metropolis of thy native land! Disdaining vulgar attachments, hedging and ditching, thou hast betrothed no common dame; sublimed from the impure impulses of carnal feeling, thou has again entered into the holy estate of matrimony!

Magnanimous divine! Above sorrowing as men without hope, thou hast nobly resigned the partner of thy former life to the dust from which she came, and quickly exchanged thy mourning for the wedding-garment! Thy sorrow is turned into joy, and thy heaviness into mirth.

"Sturdy, good-looking man!" Comely, comfortable, lady!

Happy, holy pair! what calamity have ye to fear? Houses and lands and horses are yours; the elect ones bless you for the sake of the church, and even reprobates respect you for your riches! Fulfil then the first commandment of Creation; hasten to "increase," and, increasing, "multiply." Enviable propagators of your species! "sinners saved" shall spring from your "loins," if, peradventure, ye but abide fast in the "faith" ye have espoused. Saints from the womb, your progeny shall people a "a new church," another generation of "the faithful" shall rise up to bless you!

Admirable Lady Sanderson!—but Lady Sanderson no longer—thou hast exchanged thy earthly for a heavenly husband! Beware, however, of the sisterhood, even the sisterhood of the righteous:—thy spouse is desired! Whatever he may ask of "things necessary for the soul," suffer him not to lack any thing that is "necessary for the body." There are those who "would be happy to see him without a material part of necessary adornment!" Good Lady, remember always "the breeches;" and never give him cause again to petition, even in faith, "for what is essential for a person of decency and modesty."

Holy, happy pair!—Farewell.

Mentor.

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

VOLTAIRE.

In the year 1767, this extraordinary genius having heard it asserted in conversation that the English national debt amounted to one hundred and forty eight millions sterling, declared himself incredulous of the fact; on being assured of its truth, he with great quickness turned it into French livres, and exclaimed that *so many minutes* had not elapsed since the Creation. On making the calculation, he was found correct, as the number of minutes was actually 341,815 less than the sum total of livres.

ORIGIN OF STAGE COACHES.

All *public travelling* in the British Empire until the year 1730, was by the conveyance of waggons only; the *first stage* was an open chaise on two wheels, and ran from London to Hounslow, but some time after, these chaises were built with close bodies. This however was found rather a dangerous plan, and they were fitted on four wheels; from which simple commencement, in so few years, has arisen our present system, a system to have spoken of one hundred years ago, would have been considered as madness.

ORIGIN OF TEA DRINKING.

About the year 1720, tea was unknown as a beverage in this kingdom, when a mate of an Indiaman having brought some home from China on speculation, gave it to a waterman's apprentice of the name of Burrows to dispose of for him. The young man after hawking it about for some days, carried it to a Mr. Lloyd, who kept a *coffee-house* in Lombard-Street, Mr. L. out of curiosity purchased the tea, and the first dish ever made in London was at his house. It is almost needless to mention that this Mr. Lloyd gave his name to the *coffee-house* which it still retains, though removed to the Royal Exchange; Burrows himself from some lucky chances arose to opulence, and is still remembered by some old inhabitants of the city.

MARRIAGE.

The father of the great Sir Thomas Moore, and who was one of the judges of the King's Bench, broached a curious opinion respecting matrimony; whilst engaged in a discourse upon that subject he compared a man seeking a wife to a person putting his hand into a bag full of snakes, amongst which there was *one eel*; "where he may" observed this learned judge, "chance to light upon the eel, but it is a hun-"dred to one that he is stung by a snake."

ANCIENT PLAGIARISM.

Among the many witticisms of the famous Bacon Lord Verulam, there is one which is frequently applicable at the present day: Queen Elizabeth being much enraged against Doctor Hayward, author of the life of Henry the Fourth, had ordered her law officers to proceed against him, and amongst others, inquired of Bacon, "if there was not treason "in the book?" The witty lawyer readily answered "no, madam, I cannot answer for there "being *treason* in it, but I am certain it con-"tains much *felony*."—"How," eagerly exclaimed her majesty, "how and wherein?"—"In many passages," replied he, "which he "has *stolen* from Tacitus."

FEAR OF DEATH.

It has often been remarked that men apparently atheistical, were much alarmed at the approach of death, whilst those religious characters against whom they had written and jested were accustomed to view him on their death beds, or even on the scaffold with mild resignation. This observation was completely verified by the well known *Hobbes*, who called death "taking a leap in the dark," indeed such was his dread of death, or his wish to live, that he said to the Countess of Cumberland, his patroness, "that if he was master of "all the world, and able to dispose of it, he "would give it to live even *one day*." In reply the lady observed "that she was surprised a "person of his knowledge and philosophy, and "who had so many friends whom he might "wish to oblige or gratify, would not part "with one day's existence, in order to enrich "his friends."—"What," exclaimed *the philosopher*, "shall I be the better for that when I "am dead? I say again, were I possessed of the "whole world, I would give it to live but "*one day!*"

MEDICAL WIT.

Amongst the many *facetia* related of Dr. Radcliffe, it has been noticed that when set in for a drinking bout, he was very unwilling to leave the company, even though sent for by persons

of the highest consequence. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern a person called in order to induce the Doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill, but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius, to postpone his sacrifice to the God of the Vine. Enraged at the Doctor's obstinacy, the man who was strong and athletic took him up in his arms, threw him over his back, and carried him off in spite of his resistance. Radcliffe was at first much enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectators, having cooled a little however before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the anxious husband who excused himself for his rudeness by the extreme illness of his wife; he then exclaimed, with a rough oath in his usual manner, "now you impudent dog, "I'll be revenged of you for I'll cure your "wife!"

SCALE OF LITERARY MERIT.

We are told of a *learned* gentleman who, in his anxiety to be esteemed a Mœcenas of literature, made it a practise to entertain all the writers of the day at his table. This mode of patronage was not unpleasant to the objects of it, in order however to prevent *all unpleasantness* the patron judged it proper to arrange his guests according to etiquette; he therefore gave the highest place to those who had written a folio, after these came the quarto authors, the octavo, &c. This may be the reason why *some* authors are so anxious to sport their quartos and broad margins, when twelves or eighteens would contain all they produce worth reading.

MEDICAL ANALOGY.

The virtues of *antimony* are now sufficiently known, yet it may be amusing to refer to the derivative origin of its name. The superior of a monkish establishment in France, having observed that this mineral had a powerful effect in fattening the pigs belonging to the monastery, took it for granted that it would produce a sufficient degree of corpulence in the jolly friars, and thus enable them to bear their *maigre* days with a better grace. It may be necessary to premise that in all monasteries, there is a dispensary, where the holy brethren issue medicines to their own fraternity, or sell them to the neighbourhood, thus doing the duty of apothecaries; the prior therefore had no difficulty in procuring the medicine, nor in prescribing it for his tonsured companions, who having heard it strongly recommended, in order to shew their faith took it in large quantities. The consequence of this may well be supposed, and when many of the brotherhood had fallen victims to it, the *learned* prior still convinced of its efficacy, consoled himself with the idea that it had failed merely from the monks not having taken *enough* of it. The story became general and the medical world having ranged themselves on each side of the question, this mineral received the nomenclature of *anti moine*, or "hurtful to monks," from which naturally comes our *antimony*.

A RECEIPT FOR MAKING A JACOBIN.

Take the herb of hypocrisy, and the root of pride, each three handfuls, bruise them in the mortar of malice, boil them in three quarts of dissembling tears, over the fire of sedition, till you perceive the scum of falsehood swim on the top, then strain it through the cloth of rebellion, put it in the bottle of enmity, and stop it with the cork of envy, let it stand and settle awhile, then make it into the pills of conspiracy; take two at night and three in the morning, and you will soon learn to curse the church, behead kings, pull down bishops, cut the throats of honest men, and set up knaves to rule the nation.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR THROUGH FRANCE, GERMANY, HOLLAND, SWITZERLAND AND DENMARK.

WRITTEN DURING THE YEARS 1805, 6, *AND* 7.

ENGLISH writers have been accused of injustice, and English Tourists of misrepresentation, prejudice and presumption, in their remarks on the customs and manners of their neighbours. When an accusation is so general and indiscriminate, it would be easy to trace it to that querulous overweening vanity so common to individuals of every country. We must acknowledge, however, there is some truth in the charges brought against us; and

whether our undervaluing of other nations originates in the republican haughtiness of our character, the prepossessions inseparable from our insular situation, or the arrogance of superior wealth, we are not able to determine. So very few individuals are, at the same time, capable of losing sight of themselves in their judgments on others, that instead of impartiality and just representation, we should look for those impressions, which the peculiar character and situation of the observer receive from the object he examines.

It were to be wished that this observation were only true, so far as it referred to those whom levity, fashion, spleen, necessity or business set in motion; unfortunately travellers of a different class, whose judgment was unimpeachable, and powers of discrimination were acknowledged, had fallen into grosser and more dangerous errors; as their opinions were received with that unsuspicious respect, which a great name and established reputation commonly excite. They had some system to support, some speculation to enforce, some party-interest to recommend; and facts were distorted, circumstances so wilfully misrepresented, that it was not difficult to perceive that their judgments were regulated by the theory they endeavored to establish, or the cause they had undertaken to defend. These misrepresentations might be occasionally traced to a far more unworthy source; and distinguished writers, instead of employing the influence of their talents to weaken the effects of popular error and prejudice, or to assuage the rancour of unreflecting animosity, have fostered the worst and most dangerous passions of the multitude, to support the criminal projects of ambitious statesmen, whose patronage they strove to obtain, by the sacrifice of truth, honour, justice and humanity, to their infamous avarice.

This abuse has been long a subject of complaint; and writers, for the last sixty years, as distinguished for their genius, as the soundness of their principles and comprehensive benevolence, have not ceased to express both regret and surprise, that so important a subject should have been abandoned, with few exceptions, to interested, unprincipled and incapable individuals. This circumstance has undoubtedly great influence on the present publication; but how far the writer will be able to avoid the errors and abuses he has just described, he will leave to the public to determine. If a sojourn of eleven portentous years in different States of the Continent has not enlarged his views beyond the limits of individual error and prejudice, it has totally obliterated the effects of local prepossession. He is no stickler for the interests of a party, no retainer of power, and no obsequious slave of a sect. He will not sacrifice to the variations of opinion, the bias of the times, or the fastidious dictatorial sentence of critics and reviewers, any remark which justice recommends, or impartiality suggests. As he has travelled on foot through the countries he describes, the mechanic, the soldier, and the peasant, so much beneath the notice of the fashionable tourist, will be frequently the subjects of his observations. His information relative to the cities he visited, he has not collected from the saunterers of coffee-houses, the loquacity of waiters and inn-keepers, or the scientific babble of linguists, sciceroni, and *artistes*. He does not judge the character of a people from the proficiency of their cooks, the peculiarity of their dress, or the formality of their salutation. He will not appreciate their probity according to the charges of a tavern, or the exactions of the custom-house. He will not estimate the purity of their domestic manners from the conduct of those persons, of both sexes, who haunt the places of amusement in a metropolis; or the energy of the nation from the character of their drama. He will resign that mode of estimation to our more intuitive travellers. Nor is he patriotic enough to bestow censure or applause in proportion to their degree of affection or disaffection to his own country: and whatever veneration he may entertain for princes or ministers, he seldom takes them as his standard of excellence, when he passes an opinion on the moral character of a people.

The present crisis peculiarly suggests the imperious necessity of impartiality and authentic information relative to the Continent. To our ignorance on this head, to the underrating or impassioned declamations of the senate and the press, is, in a great measure, to be attributed our present state of exclusion. We should, perhaps draw no precipitate conclusion, if we ventured to ascribe the defection and rancour of our ancient allies, as much to that very cause, as to the preponderance of the enemy. That it has been the source of incalculable mischief is undeniable; and though totally unacquainted with the character, feelings, and spirit of the people, cabinets, and armies, we continue to decide on these very subjects with as much obstinacy, and the same reprehensible levity, as marked our former conduct. This was the secret of the jealousy and apprehension,

with which our interference, suggestions and services, were received by every nation we offered to advise or assist. The extravagant, sometimes ridiculous statements of our greatest statesmen, the published correspondence of our ambassadors, and the undervaluing insolence of our journalists, excited indignation and astonishment, when they found their way into the German and other newspapers. To point out the pernicious effects of unqualified and intemperate invective and contempt, to introduce more liberality and decency in our judgments on the conduct of our neighbours, and less impertinent interference in their concerns and government, are some of the principal reasons which induced the writer to publish the present reflections.

It would be superfluous to point out the utility of the present undertaking. Works of this nature contain an ample fund of instruction and amusement. The unanimous opinion of the intelligent has long given them a distinguished place among literary productions. Next to history their object is most comprehensive; and, in point of attraction, they are considered by the generality of readers as infinitely superior. They embrace the same, and even a greater variety of objects; and become more interesting from the minute details, which the gravity of the former excludes. They resemble a fanciful collection of paintings, in which the landscape, the portrait, family scenes, and even caricature, are fantastically mingled with the more sublime conceptions of the historical pencil. They consequently present something congenial to the taste and sentiments of every reader; and whilst they afford gratification to those whose only object is temporary amusement, they furnish the richest materials to the statesman and philosopher.

The perusal of such productions, in diminishing the effects of local prejudice, contributes more efficaciously than any other, to enlarge the sphere of our philanthropy. They give us a practical exposition of the sublime precepts of religion; and when we see that the virtues, which it inculcates, are not confined to any particular country, but are practised, more or less, in all; that vice, with some trifling modification, is equally abhorred; our charity overleaps the circumscribed bounds marked by policy or superstition, and embraces the human race as the object of its comprehensive influence.

However, in inculcating those enlarged principles of benevolence, it does not weaken that instinctive attachment to our own soil, those happy prepossessions in favour of our own institutions, and beneficial predeliction for the interests of our country, generally denominated patriotism; it contributes, by comparison, to enhance those feelings, and to convert blind and instinctive attachment into a rational and profound veneration of our peculiar customs. Whatever may have been our local, or individual causes of discontent, when our situation is contrasted with that of other countries, they disappear, or become less intolerable. But when we perceive that the disadvantages we complain of are common to other nations in a much higher degree, and our advantages equal, and mostly superior to those possessed by every other people, we learn to appreciate the happiness of our situation, the mildness of our government, and the excellency of our institutions.

The impartial character of *Le Beau Monde* Magazine, its extensive circulation, and the liberal encouragement of the Proprietors, have induced the writer to publish his observations through its medium. His remarks on the manners, literature, politics, public amusements, and governments of the continent, with anecdotes relative to statesmen, generals, men of letters, and other public characters, are so congenial to the very nature of a Magazine, that no fitter channel could have been chosen.

T. D——.

*** These observations will appear every month, and exclusively in the present Magazine.

AMATORY WRITERS.

FEW writers of Amatory verses have touched upon those exquisite delicacies of sentiment which characterise the real passion of love, and form the real test of the truth of affection. In the songs of the Bacchanal, the power of love is made to consist of joy and delight; and its sorrows, which are merely those of disappointed lust, are soon forgotten in the charms of inebriation. The soft ideal sonnetteer, on the contrary, imagines woes and pleasures that never had existence, and forgetting the force of sexal desire, forgets also that human beings are corporeal, as well as mental, and that they must have sensations before they can have sentiments. Among many of the Italian, and some of the English poets, love seems to be a mere *immaterial* being: *immaterial* in every sense that a punster can put upon the word; but with the French writers he appears to be either a corporeal agent actuated by animal instinct alone, or else a complimentary beau, that bows, flatters, and means nothing. The Latin authors who have written on this animating subject, may be considered as the immediate sources from which the best modern writers have derived their images; but they also borrowed copiously from the tender and luxurious Greeks, few of whose writings have descended to us entire. Sappho and Anacreon possess all the poetry of desire: the former is rich in the *pathos* of libidinous affection; the latter has woven a flowery chaplet of its most voluptuous and pleasurable ideas. Ovid, among the Romans, seems to have made a business of love, and to have cultivated debauchery as a science: his Epistles are truly delightful; they are natural and full of sensibility; but his Elegies are nauseous, and his *Art of Love*, while it exhibits an intimate knowledge of the human heart, is a detestable production, for which its author deserved all the severities of his banishment. Catullus writes with playful tenderness on the impulse and object of the moment. Horace, with the elegance of a gentleman, the sensibility of real passion, and the jocundity of an epicurean philosopher. Of Propertius, Tibullus, and the English Hammond, I shall treat more largely in an essay devoted to the subject, and shall here conclude these few observations with two specimens of what I think true amatory poetry. They are translations from two Greek compositions, attributed to *Paulus Silentarius*, and are expressive of that anxious and delicate sensibility which I consider the test of real passion, in the highest degree. I can only apologize to the reader for the inferiority of the translations to the originals, by wishing they had fallen into the hands of the polished Anacreon of the day.

TO LAIS.

Sweet are thy kisses, Lais;—but ah! why
Flows pearly moisture from each glistening eye?
Why do the tresses of thy glossy hair,
In lovely negligence, such grief declare?
Still on my bosom sinks, conceal'd, thy face—
Still the sweet mourner sighs in my embrace:—
Tear after tear—like a bright fountain's rills—
O'er our united cheeks so swift distils!—
O, say what sorrows dare those eyes annoy?
Men are so false!—you're come! I weep for joy!

TO CARICLO.

Still o'er thy half sunk eyes soft slumber's streams,
Lovely Caricio flow in wavering dreams:—
Still by repose unsoothed, thou quit'st thy bed,
Thy loosened tresses o'er thy shoulders spread:—
The roses of thy cheeks are wan and pale:
Unusual languors thro' thy limbs prevail!
Ah! these expressive tokens of delight!
Say!—speak not these the sweet tumultuous night?
Say!—has some mortal, more than angels blest,
Banish'd with fervid joy the powers of rest?
O, rather say, each agitated thought,
Anxious, was with my cherished image fraught:
Say each disordered charm is but a sign
How much thy longing, lonely night was mine.

T. N.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

LETTERS ON LITERATURE, TASTE, AND COMPOSITION,

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON; BY GEORGE GREGORY, D. D. &c. TWO VOLUMES, PAGES 608.

"THIS work," Dr. GREGORY has asserted, in a Letter to SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, "contained the result of the observations of his whole life; and that, whatever might be the ultimate opinion of its merits, his reputation, in the republic of letters, would in a great degree depend on it."—See the wrapper of the *Monthly Magazine* for September, 1808. "It contains," adds the Preface to the Work, "the result of various observations, made by a vigorous and cultivated mind, upon different subjects of taste and literature." Such an announcement naturally excites the curiosity of the reader, and predisposes him to allot to the work itself no ordinary portion of his attention. Expectation is immediately roused; recollection is busied in retracing the previous career of the writer; and anticipation exults in the prospect of ample gratification.

There remain other considerations, more interesting, if possible, than those arising from feelings purely literary, and which seem to confer on the present volumes peculiar attraction. They were concluded, we are informed, "a very short time previous to" the author's "decease;" and the composition of them "assisted in cheering and engaging his mind, in soothing the languor of declining health, and in recalling the delightful remembrance of former associates, and of a long course of intellectual pursuits." The best emotions of the human heart, and the most important reflections of the human mind, are thus incidentally associated with the investigation of these Letters; so that he who purposes fairly to appreciate their contents, has particularly to guard against those impressions which arise wholly from the circumstances related concerning the author.—We must be careful that our tenderness for the dead does not interfere with the interests of the living.

Far be it from us, however, to insinuate any thing aiming to disparage the fair fame of a deceased writer; of him, who is now regretted by that circle of which he was so lately an ornament. It is against his *Publisher* that we are disposed to enter our protest. Every method has been taken to prejudge opinion, by *giving publicity to the author's account of his work*; personal afflictions have been mixed with what concerned public business; and there is, even in the few observations prefatory of these volumes, a tone of intercession, a supplication of kindness, which to us appears unbecoming and unnecessary. Dr. Gregory's reputation must rest on something more durable than those "circumstances" which "to his friends render the Work additionably valuable."

The volumes before us, it may be proper to premise, have no claim to be designated as posthumous. They were committed to the press by their author, and have been mostly superintended, during their progress through it, by him. It is also easily perceptible that they were written with the intention of publishing them. They are the studied compositions of a man of letters, not the natural productions of a parent; they are volumes of instruction, rather than of correspondence; they are lectures, and not letters. If, according to one of our established bards, "the proper study of mankind is man," those who take up these volumes in expectation of acquiring the species of knowledge most essential to humanity, who hope to rectify their conceptions and enlarge their views of society, will find themselves seriously disappointed. The present work does not contain even casual intimations of such a description. It is limited to literary disquisitions, and its author contemplates every thing through "the spectacles of books."

Still these Letters, of which the number is thirty-two, are entitled to estimation. Though to "vigorous and cultivated minds" they exhibit scarcely any real information of importance, and though they are not sufficiently copious for those who might be fully benefitted by the nature of their communications, they may be studied with advantage as introductory to a more extensive acquaintance with elegant literature; their contents are calculated to refresh the recollection of enlightened and scientific men; and they contain some valuable hints, and judicious opinions, on various interesting subjects.

"We live in an age," observes the respectable Author of these Letters, when almost every thing is *artificial*; *when* [for here, we conceive,

there must be some error on the part of the printer, since what now follows forms a *distinct sentence*, though the *reasoning indivisibility* of the whole is evident] when not only rules are proposed for the performance of almost every action connected with social life, but when the grounds and principles on which those rules are founded constitute an object of anxious enquiry. Men have long agreed in regarding some things as pleasing; but not satisfied with this, we are led to enquire whence they have derived their power to please, and on what principle in human nature it is that certain appearances, sounds or ideas, are delightful to the human mind." This passage presents a clear exposition of the views of the writer. He then proceeds to enquire into the principles of taste, preparatory to proposing any rules for directing the operations of genius. It is however the characteristic praise of Dr. Gregory, and it is no inferior commendation, that his researches have truth for their object, and for their end utility. He is, at least, no visionary theorist. "It is not necessary," says he, "in a course of letters on rhetoric and criticism, to enter deeply into the *philosophy of the human mind*, of which, after all, but *little is known*; and my wish is rather to make these letters practical than speculative." "I know," he adds, shortly afterwards, "that the most intense *Study will not give* what is called *Genius*, or *Imagination*, or *Fancy*." All he aspires to, therefore, is the *improvement* of our *intellectual endowments*.—"Nature," he concludes, "must create a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Pope, an Addison, a Johnson, or a Gibbon." Coming from one so competent to decide on "literature and composition," on the qualities which constitute genius and the qualifications adventitious to genius, we attach considerable importance to these undisguised declarations of opinion, the result of long, varied, and extensive observation. As they affect the speculations concerning Original Genius, these sentiments are deserving very serious attention. They appear to be dictated by experience, and are perfectly conformable with those conclusions which may be called natural. It may, indeed, be "chiefly *Art*, as *labour* is aptly contradistinguished from *talent*, which produces the many *smooth and elegant writers* who flourish at all times in the inferior walks of literature;" and so far coinciding with Dr. Gregory, it is on this very account that we thank him for the manly frankness with which he has asserted the paramount prerogative of mind, the divine right of genius. "Smooth and elegant writers" abound almost to satiety; but it is something to have admonished such writers *what* they really are; to make them bow the knee to mental superiority, and teach them, if not humility, the necessity of appearing with becoming diffidence. Art is, at the best, a poor substitute for ability!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE COMET, A MOCK NEWSPAPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL THE TALENTS."

THE friends of literature have often had occasion to deplore the neglect of merit: and their lamentations have penetrated the ears of the public, so deeply and thoroughly, that the neglect of merit is a phrase of absolutely proverbial acceptation. But we are apt to conceive that there is an error on the other side, which error may in its consequences be at least as pernicious as the direct slights which have mortified and discouraged genius. This error is the vast panegyric, and not only the panegyric, but profit too, which the public are constantly bestowing upon authors, whose talent is very little, if at all above mediocrity. Such people are the "sponges that suck up the "king's favour!" the unfruitful trees that wave their heads in haughty barrenness, and exclude the light and heat from the nobler shoots that are springing around them.

Among the most fortunate of these undeserving favourites, is surely to be placed the author of *All the Talents*: a satire which the bookseller states to have passed through no fewer than nineteen editions. Encouraged, no doubt, by this unusual success, the writer has again applied his pen to satire, but has contented himself with satirizing in prose. The Mock Newspaper which he now puts forth, is perhaps upon the whole a more tolerable production than the poem of *All the Talents*: not that we approve the political sentiments which he vents on this occasion, more than the equally scurrilous attacks that he thought fit to make in his rhyming attempt: but we think that this

Comet, if it have as many faults, has more beauties than *All the Talents*. There are several things in the present work that a man cannot help laughing at, whatever may be his politics; unless indeed there be by chance an ill-natured fellow, who cannot be amused at a joke that tells against his own party and opinion. For ourselves, we are not so fastidious. We are glad to laugh when we can: for since all men, in their course through life, meet a great number of things which it is impossible to laugh at, and since we reviewers are obliged to encounter a portion of disgusting matter twice as large as any that falls to the lot of our less literary neighbours, we really think it a most impolitic step to pass scornfully by any topic that can enliven the dullness of our road, and refresh us against impending evils by an instant of oblivious merriment.

But the author of *The Comet* does not seem sufficiently to have understood the principle upon which a work of this kind should be conducted: he does not know the meaning of the word irony. In writing a satire of the ironical kind, an imitative, rather than a declamatory satire, it was his business to have made the absurdities of the newspapers clearly appear, and at the same time to have shewn those absurdities so delicately, as to leave it possible that a foolish newspaper writer might have written such matter in right earnest. The task is not easy: but, in order to excellence, it ought to have been performed: and though the difficulty would have been considerable, the fame would have been extensive. We will give an example or two of that kind of error.

The author attempts to describe a meeting of the Whig Club in the language of those newspapers that are friendly to the Whigs. We do not at all approve a ridicule directed against the memory of Mr. Fox, nor against the affectionate respect which his nephew, Lord Holland, has always evinced for his great relation: but if we could allow jesting on such subjects, we might perhaps laugh at the following account of the proceedings after dinner at the Whig Club:—

"After the cloth was removed, Lord Grey "arose. He would give a toast, without com-"ment, without eulogium: the comment "would be superfluous, the eulogium insult: "for the subject of it was above all praise: "he was a star of the first magnitude—not a "falling star, like the present ministers, though "like all other stars, he was in the heavens. "He would give the memory of the Right Ho-"nourable Charles James Fox. This was "drank with inverted glasses and three groans. "Messrs. Dignum, Digdum, Dingledy, and "Dingledy-Couch, then sung the following "Ode, composed on the occasion:—

"*Strophe.*

"Ye patriots, born on Albion's hoary rocks,
"Who saved you from the Ministerial shocks,

"*Antistrophe.*

"And put your drunken country in the stocks?

"*Chorus.*

"Fox.

"*Semichorus.*

"Then Patriots, born on Albion's hoary rocks,
"From the hour that is natal
"To the hour that is fatal,

"*Grand Chorus.*

"Praise the Right Honourable Charles James
"Fox!"

"Lord Holland then arose, and thanked the "meeting for this tribute of applause to his "honoured uncle. It had lately, he said, been "interspersed about that he had it in contem-"plation to set up as the sole remaining prop "of his country. He begged leave to declare, "that he never had expressed himself to that "effect: and he took this public occasion, in "the face of those two, four, six, eight mem-"bers before him, to contradict the report, in "order that future historians and biographers "might find no pretext to reproach him on the "score of vanity.

"The Duke of Norfolk was then, after much "entreaty, prevailed upon to give the Sove-"reignty of the People."

All this, as we have said, may be droll to people who can admit so indecorous a kind of raillery as that which ridicules a great man dead, and drives stings into the hearts of his surviving relatives: and all this is not so broadly absurd but that one may suppose it to have been put into any newspaper, favourable to the Whig cause, and rather silly: but that is not the case with the remainder of the account, which is as follows:—

"After which followed a number of other "toasts, equally *quaint* and *exploded*. The "company separated about four o'clock in the "morning, in a superior style of *intoxication*."

The merit of the earlier part of this account, if it can be said to have merit at all, consists in exposing the party, under pretence of praising them and extending their fame. But the last sentence is not at all like panegyric: and is no longer irony, but invective. Nobody could take the words exploded and intoxication for

terms of panegyric, not even ironical panegyric.

This fault abounds throughout the pamphlet, and very materially injures its effect. The ridicule is not *every where* of so unfair a kind as in the foregoing speeches of Lord Grey and Lord Holland: but we are sorry to say that this little work is *generally* most comical, when it is most blameable.

PROFESSIONAL CHARACTERISTICS;

OR, *NAVAL SQUALLS, MILITARY BROILS, PHYSICAL DISASTERS, LEGAL FLAWS, AND CLERICAL LAMENTATIONS.*

A new candidate on the grand stage of "Human Misery" has stept forth, but not as a gleaner in the trodden field; he aims at higher game, and having attacked the different professions has given some novelty to a subject which we thought had been worn thread bare. When the immense mass of "Human Miseries" were first deluged on the world, we thought too much importance had been given to a matter which although it might amuse for a few pages, must infallibly tire in the perusal of a large volume; this *amphibious* gentleman seems, however, to have avoided prolixity, for his book is *so small*, that we should not have noticed it, were it not that the pungency of some of his miseries shews him to have been not an inaccurate observer of the different professions of a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, physician and divine. Though his "Miseries" are preserved *technically* in character, we have no doubt that they will afford amusement to the general reader, and we shall, therefore, fill up a page of our work with an *ad libitum* selection, where the point of each will mark the professional distinction.

"In country quarters, on ensigns pay, paying your respects at a tea-table, when a *marooning* party, or a charitable subscription is proposed; and farther to improve your financial system, posted at a whist table with three ancient tabbies well skilled in the mysteries of the *odd* trick.

"The comforts of a cold wet night watch—the quarter-master with his glim tumbling into the best bower tier.—'Twelve o'clock, 'Mr. Crosstree,'—'How's the weather?'—'Rains and blows hard, likely to blow harder.'—'I'm not well, I have got the head-ach.'—'Sir, the Lieutenant will smoke that, any other disorder, if you please, Sir —three of the gentlemen have got the *head-ache* already.'

"On a windy day, passing under the window of a *botanical* student, when his pensile garden gives way, and your head is broke by his flower pots—as a plaister, you get a line from Tibullus:

"*Floret odoratis terra benigna Rosis.*"

"Dining with your bishop at a visitation, taking your place humbly at the lower end of the table, you find that two of the bottles always cross the table, whilst you are regaling on humble *British* port.

"Making the necessary preparations to defend a case, when you shrewdly suspect your client to be a rascal.

"Listening to a talkative, though stupid fellow, whilst detailing his own case.

"As junior counsel, from a wish to shine, inadvertently mentioning the *only* point in which your case is vulnerable—*Memo.* The cause lost in consequence!

"After making a figure *at* the bar, as cross questioner on all points of *crim. con.* seduction, &c. to be brought *to* the bar, on a charge of an amorous assault.

"To be quizzed by a witness whom you expected to brow-beat.

"The pleasures of the last stage into town, after going what has been to you a *maiden* circuit.

"When on shore, making love to your landlady's niece or daughter, or perhaps to the old one herself; and at close quarters, when you least expect it, to hear some impertinent fellow singing,

"How little do the landsmen know
What we poor sailors feel."

"Getting athwart a spirited horse, and just as you have trimmed him sharp on a wind to weather a dung cart, you get unshipped into a horsepond.

"Writing a commentary on the Book of Job, within hearing of the nursery.

" On a day when you expect *great company*,
" to be visited by a *poor relation*, who is too
" deaf to take a hint.

" On your first visit to a rich patient, finding
" fault with the previous arrangements of the
" family apothecary, to shew your skill and
" consequence.—*Memo.* His influence greater
" than yours, and your *first* visit is your *last*.

" After prognosticating great danger in or-
" der to draw greater merit from a protracted
" cure, you find your patient such an obstinate
" fellow, that he *wont* be sick after he gets
" well.

" In the country, after long attendance on a
" patient, to be asked by his friends, if you
" have any objection to the *cunning woman*
" being consulted.

" On attending one of your patients to his
" long home, to overhear the sexton praising
" you, and saying you are the *best friend* he has
" in the parish."

We could select more, but having given a specimen of each, we will not farther anticipate the amusement which may be found in this little work.

FINE ARTS.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WILLIAM III. IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

THAT " longing after immortality," so exquisitely alluded to by Addison in his *Cato*, acts as a powerful stimulus with most men; it seems to have been peculiarly active in the mind of the late Samuel Travers, Esq. who by his will not only founded a Naval Class of Windsor Poor Knights, but also ordered that an Equestrian Statue of his favourite King William should be erected either in the Poultry or St. James'-square. Some untoward circumstances prevented the execution of the will until the present time, when the first bequest was completed, and the last has just been fulfilled by the erection of the statue.

It is an old observation, that where there may be *two* motives for an action, the *ostensible* one is not that nearest the heart; of course we may suppose that a desire to preserve *his own name* operated as powerfully with Mr. T. as his wish for the immortality of his monarch; but we will allow him another motive, and that he wished to encourage the arts, and ornament the capital—in this point of view then, it may be worth while to examine how far his wishes have been fulfilled, or how far the *public* have had justice done to them, for a bequest of this kind is as much their property as if it had been worded so in the will.

It has been an observation of some ancient writer on the arts, that " in no one instance " ought imitation ever approach so near to " nature as to be taken for it;" this advice the artist seems to have adhered to, rather too literally, as we believe there never was a horse in shape, proportion, or attitude resembling the one in St. James's square. It is, indeed, an old observation and a true one, that there is nothing so easy as to find fault, we will therefore point out some instances which must strike the most casual observer; in the first place the neck is out of all proportion, and rises too abruptly from the withers; the mane is heavy beyond nature, and from its flying in a different direction to that of the garments of the rider, it appears as if there were *two* winds blowing at the same time. It has already been repeatedly noticed that the hinder part is too small, and that the tail possesses neither lightness nor proportion; the relative size of the monarch himself is also too small, and it seems rather to be a monument of the horse than of King William. If we look at the bridle, we see that the rider has no command of the animal whatever; as to the want of stirrups, that *may* be very proper in the Roman costume, though we believe the point has never yet been exactly settled by antiquarians; upon the whole we think this specimen will add but little to the fame either of King William or of the artist Mr. Bacon.

HEROIC FEATURE OF THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA.

THE impression on the minds of the public at large, on the receipt of the intelligence of the battle of Vimiera, was so great that the most trifling details of the action, or of those engaged in it, were listened to with enthusiasm, we therefore thought ourselves peculiarly fortunate, to be enabled, through the polite attention of Major Campbell, who brought the dispatches, to procure a delineation of the MOST INTERESTING FEATURE in the events of that day. *Descriptions*, however correct, seldom impress different minds with the *same* ideas; *accurate delineation* therefore becomes more valuable, and in the present instance where the military details of the scientific officer, are embodied by the graphic powers of one of the first artists of the time, they cannot fail to produce a *chef d'œuvre* of *professional* merit. We have not here a mere collection of *portraits*, with the leading officers huddled together in one spot, exactly where they ought not to be, nor has our artist attempted in a view subtending but a small angle, to crowd together objects which actually spread round great portion of a circle:—no—he has simply traced out *that part* of the action designed to be represented, sketching it exactly *as it appeared on the field of battle.*

In the order of battle on the morning of the 21st, the greater part of our infantry were posted on a mountain between the village of Vimiera and the sea, the eastern range of which reaches to the road leading from Lourinha to Lisbon, through the village; this road leads over a chain of heights separated from the mountain by a deep ravine, which was flanked by the left of our main body, under the command of Major-General Ferguson. To the eastward of the village was our advanced guard, the cavalry and reserve of artillery being in the valley through which runs the river Maceira; but the enemy having turned our left as early as eight in the morning, and detached several bodies of cavalry to occupy the road from Lourinha, the Commander in Chief judged that the attack would be principally on the left where Brigadier-Generals Fane and Anstruther were posted with their brigades in advance, he therefore judiciously ordered Major General Ferguson to cross the ravine and occupy the Lourinha road, in which movement he was also supported by Brigadier-General Nightingale and his brigade. The enemy now made a desperate attack on the advanced guard, from which however they were driven back with great gallantry by that small part of the British army; but their *great exertion* was made at the same time on the Lourinha road against Major-General Ferguson, supported by a powerful body of cavalry, and conducted with great skill. The Major-General's force consisted merely of the 36th, 40th, and 71st regiments, who stood firm on their ground to receive the attack; his spirit would have prompted him to *advance*, but prudence pointing out the advantage of his ground, he waited coolly whilst they rushed on with the utmost impetuosity to the charge, then advancing in front of his gallant companions, accompanied by his Aid du Camp, Capt. Mellish, waved his hat and exclaimed—"Thirty-sixth! fortieth! "seventy-first! you are now to charge the "enemy—remember to do your duty!"—Scarcely had he uttered the words when the enemy were within charging distance, and the three regiments with the general at their head, made a furious charge, and forced them not only to give way after an obstinate contest in which many fell, but also to retire precipitately across the valley, through which flows a small river into the Maceira. This river the French had crossed on a small bridge without a parapet, but one of their guns being dismounted by the fire of our artillery, stopped the passage against the others, so that pressed close as they were by our troops they were obliged to leave six pieces of their artillery behind them. Our victorious troops immediately crossed the river after the flying enemy, when Junot, in order to recover his artillery, determined on a desperate attempt, which he entrusted to General Kellerman with a force much superior to General Ferguson's brigade, and that of General Nightingale, which now had joined it; this force advanced in a massy column, having also the advantage of the ground, when General Wellesley by a most brilliant manœuvre settled the fate of the day. *This is the instant* which our artist has selected; Sir Arthur being on a hill saw the advantage which the attacking column of the enemy had over our troops, he therefore ordered a feigned retreat, which was executed in slow time, until our men had repassed the rivulet and left the guns behind them; emboldened by this, the French advanced into the

valley, when our troops halted, faced about, poured in a destructive fire, and then charging down hill, obliged this superior body of men to fly in all directions with great slaughter, leaving their guns a second time behind them, which were now finally taken possession of by the British. Such is the particular feature here represented under the precise ideas suggested by Major Campbell; of its accuracy there can be no doubt, and we feel confident that the superior style in which it has been executed by both our artists must render it an interesting document, when added to the general details of the action; this is however but the delineation of one HISTORIC FACT, the *entire* movements of our gallant army will be best explained by a reference to the following PLAN of the Battle, executed under *Official Authority*.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA,

EXPLANATORY OF THE PLAN.

THE Battle of Vimiera will be an important era in our History. It is one of those decisive occurrences which not only terminate a campaign, and annihilate the resources of the enemy in that quarter, but produce a decided superiority in the subsequent operations of the victors. In this it bears a strong resemblance to the battles of Marengo, Ulm, and Jena. It has changed completely the character of the war. The French, who had been for so many years in the habit of carrying fire and devastation into the states of their enemies, and of subsisting their armies at their expence, will now be reduced to the necessity of defending their own frontiers against an invading force.

The account transmitted by Sir Arthur Wellesley is so clear, so judicious, that it would be presumption to add any thing to it.

The village of Vimiera stands in a valley, through which runs the river Maceira; at the back, and to the Westward and Northward of this village is a mountain, the western point of which touches the sea, and the eastern is separated by a deep ravine from the heights, over which passes the road which leads from Lourinha and the northward to Vimiera. The greater part of the infantry, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 8th brigades were posted on this mountain, with eight pieces of artillery; Major-Gen. Hill's brigade being on the right, Major-Gen. Ferguson's on the left, having one battalion on the heights; separated from the mountain. On the eastern and southern side of the town is a hill, which is entirely commanded, particularly on its right, by the mountain to the westward of the town, and commanding all the ground in the neighbourhood to the Southward and Eastward on which Brig.-Gen Fane was posted with his riflemen, and the 50th regiment, Brig.-Gen. Anstruther with his brigade, with half a brigade of six-pounders and half a brigade of nine-pounders. The ground over which passes the road from Lourinha commanded the left of this height.

The cavalry and the reserve of artillery were in the valley, between the hills on which the infantry stood; both flanking and supporting Brigadier-General Fane's advanced guard.

The enemy first appeared at eight o'clock in the morning, in large bodies of cavalry on our left upon the heights on the road to Lourinha; and it was soon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard and the left of our position; and Major-General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the Ravine to the heights on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon; he was followed successively by Brig.-General Nightingale with his brigade, and three pieces of cannon; Brigadier-General Ackland with his brigade, and Brigadier-General Bowes with his brigade. These troops were formed (Major-General Ferguson's brigade in the first line; Brigadier-General Nightingale's in the second; and Brigadier-Generals Bowes and Acland's in columns in the rear) on those heights, with their right upon the valley which leads into Vimiera; and their left upon the other Ravine, which separates these heights from the range which terminates at the landing-place at Maceira. On these last-mentioned heights, the Portuguese troops which had been in the bottom, near Vimiera, were posted in the first instance, and they were supported by Brigadier-General Crauford's brigade.

The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; on the left they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the riflemen, close to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of that corps. The 2d battalion of the 43d was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera; a part of that corps having been or-

dered into the church-yard to prevent them from penetrating into the town. On the right of the position they were repulsed by the bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successfully supported by the 2d battalion of the 52d, which, by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank.

Nearly at the same time the enemy's attack commenced on the road to Lourinha. This attack was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of the French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major-General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 40th and 71st regiments; and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him supported by the 82d, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line, by the 29th regiment, and by Brigadier-General Bowes and Ackland's brigade, while Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade, and the Portuguese troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers were killed and wounded.

The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover a part of his artillery by attacking the 71st and 82d regiments, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired, and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him again to retire with great loss.

In this action in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed under the command of the Duke D'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat, and has lost 13 pieces of cannon, 23 ammunition, waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions and 20,000 rounds of musquet ammunition. One general officer (Bernier) has been wounded and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken.

POETRY.

TO MYRA.

OH! fairest! often have I sworn
To nurse this hopeless love no more;
And oft my heart, with anguish torn,
Fond slave! hath trembled as I swore.

Vain are my vows! from thee away,
Still thy dear image haunts my sight!—
Thou art the business of my day,
Thou art the dream that charms my night.

Short are my slumbers; but they prove
The sure assuagers of my pain!
In dreams I dare confess my love,
And am, in dreams, belov'd again!

WESTALL.

TO THE SAME.

AWAKE, my love! Aurora's light
Hath chas'd away the shades of night;
Behold, the ever-glorious sun
Already hath his course begun;
And see! the waters, earth and skies,
Are spangled with a thousand dyes;
Awake, my love! arise, arise!

Now, fragrance from each blossom'd bough
Descends in balmy gales; and now
Thy favorite flowers their leaves expand,
In dew-drops drest by nature's hand;
Ere mid-day comes their beauty flies,
Awake! behold it, ere it dies:
Awake, my love! arise, arise!

WESTALL.

TO THE SAME.

AN ELEGY.

HERE, where the cypress trees have made
A veil that hides the skies,
Beneath the gloomy ebon shade,
Beloved Myra lies!

The pensive Powers, that haunt the grove,
Shall here their vigils keep;
Chaunt their wild requiems o'er my Love,
And sooth her lasting sleep:

Pity for her shall touch the string
And breath her softest sigh,
And here her holy strains shall sing
Of tear-fraught melody!

For she was pure as opening flowers,
Mild as the gales of May,
And liberal as the genial showers
That bless the April day.

Friend of my youth! for thee, my tears
Spontaneously shall flow;
And Memory, through a length of years,
Shall nurse the Sighs of Woe!

Here still, when Autumn smiles around,
Sad offerings shall be made,
Fresh tears shall dew the hallow'd ground,
Fresh flowers bedeck the shade.

And here, amidst life's various part,
My tenderest thoughts shall rest:—
Oh! mourn'd while Love can warm my heart,
Or Friendship cheer my breast!

Westall.

NIGHT.

NOW the moon, with lovely light,
Hiding each surrounding star,
Through the silence of the night,
Pours her gentle radiance far.

Now revive the tender plants,
Which had shrunk beneath the day;
And the fairies, from their haunts,
Revel in the genial ray:

This at least the cottage maid
Pale receives as truth profound,
Trembling at the mystic shade
Of their circles on the ground.

Through the village, as I rove,
Not a sound is breathing nigh;
Wrapt secure in health and love,
Sleeps each happy family.

Never need they stricter watch
'Gainst encroaching force or sin:
Still sufficient be the latch,
While 'tis virtue rests within!

Would Ambition—could he view
This abode of innocence—
Would he plunge his dagger through
Their unguarded confidence?—

Yes! one added leaf to twine
Midst his full his bloody wreath,
He, remorseless, would consign
This to fire and these to death!

Tis so silent, I can hear,
As I pass the rustic bowers,
E'en the dew-drops, falling near,
From the overcharged flowers.

Tis so silent, I can hear
E'en the distant cattle feed!—
As I range—unheeding where—
Through the pathway of the mead.

Hark! from yonder lofty trees,
Hark! awaken'd Philomel
Charms the soft the lingering breeze,
With delicious music's swell:

Livelier sounds delight the plain,
Midst the sun's meridian blaze;
These are of a holy strain,
Hymning the Creator's praise!

Oh! how solemn 'tis to roam
At this thought-awaking time,
Gazing on the mighty dome
Of the arched heavens sublime!

There unnumber'd systems roll,
In the boundless vast expanse!
Trembles then my humbled soul,
At its insignificance.

Tremble not, thou spark divine!
Heavenly mercy call'd to birth
Yon bright spheres that ceaseless shine,
And this, now o'ershadowed earth.

O'er the whole, presiding still,
Ne'er can Heavenly Mercy prove
Aught too potent for its will,
Or, too humble for its love!

Westall.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy shade,
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches wave,
A gallant Veteran rests his weary head,
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise;
A scanty turf, with twisted osier bound,
Scarce marks the spot where buried honour lies.

Ah! what avails him, that in youth's gay prime
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,
Each sickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe's strand to Asia's sultry shore?

How short the glory of the poor man's deeds!
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own!
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no sable car,
Call forth the hireling's mercenary tear,
No blazon'd banners streaming from afar
Flaunt their vain honours o'er thine humble bier;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,
Fair Virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging crowd,
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present hour,
May idolize the follies of the proud,
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r;

But with the chosen band, the manly few,
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise—

——(Scorning the pageantry of pomp and place)
Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base
Tower'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though she, whose beauty's all-enchanting pow'r
Could every sterner care of life beguile,
Whose charms could soothe reflection's sickening hour,
Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile;

Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,
No more shall animate each rapturous strain,
Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,
Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain:

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,
Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,
And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press'd;

Here while the scenes of former bliss arise,
(Sad source from whence these tears of anguish flow)
Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wise,
I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe——

——Deaf to the voice of pleasure, or of fame,
Yet not from pity's milder influence free;
E'en then not unregardful of thy name,
This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee.

JERNINGHAM.

BON TON CORRESPONDENCE.

FASHION AND AFFECTATION OF RANK.

OF all the predominant principles in human life, there is none more equalizing than fashion; yet unlike the spirit of equality in politics, it has nothing to do with *levelling*: *that* would tear every elevated character from his fancied greatness, whilst the less envious but more aspiring spirit of fashion merely prompts us to imitate or to surpass the object of our admiration. There is no country perhaps (amongst those in which the different orders of society are preserved) where there is a more frequent amalgamation of various ranks then in England, yet amidst all this there is a constant endeavour on the part of a few to keep themselves from the *profanum vulgus*, by eccentricity of dress or manner, or by a studied and reserved deportment in the most bustling scenes of winter's gaiety, or summer's emigration. From this principle, arise the dashing absurdities of costume, where a more than meretricious disregard of decency is displayed, to shew that they dare do what they hope humbler souls will be afraid to imitate; and from the same principle is it that those who possess palaces with every means of dignified retirement, or of rational hospitality, are yet content to forego their own domestic comforts and domestic importance in their paternal mansions, for the sake of inhabiting a retired house, in some crowded fishing town, where city belles may peep at them through the railing and cry, oh, la! and where some hackney scribbler may notice them in diurnal bombast, as *pedestrianizing* on the lawn, or *gracing* the downs, in *vehicular* elegance.

To this general taste for *imitation* there is also a great fondness for an *affectation* of greatness, which if it aimed at the virtues of high birth or splendid rank, would be hailed by the philosopher and philanthropist as a real and certain good; but when we see it merely confined to copying the foibles and even the vices

of the higher circles, we deprecate it as productive of misery, sufficient to call for the pen of the moralist, and of absurdity which can only be cured, if at all, by the lash of the satirist. As the whole happiness and bond of social life depend on the virtues, on the conduct, and even on the *taste* of our fair countrywomen, our attention is first naturally called to the inevitable consequences of this rage for imitation; it may be permitted to the vapid lady of quality, or to the proud, though ignorant lady of fortune, to initiate their daughters into the mysteries of the toilet, and the most approved mode of *undressing*, as soon as they are able to comprehend them, which indeed is generally at an early age, instead of storing their juvenile minds with the various and valuable branches of domestic knowledge; thus enabling them to display their persons to the greatest *advantage*, at Bath or Brighton, or in the gay circles of the Metropolis, whilst the beautiful *parterre* of the mind remains unembellished except by a concerto of Corri's, or the last Vauxhall song. Though this may be borne with, yet how ridiculous is it in the wife of the small tradesman, or the family of him who by the income of a trifling place in the customs or excise, by a curacy, or by the fruit of his exertions in some professional capacity, claims from the world the appellation of gentleman. Here, by a *high-finished* education in some paltry boarding-school, dignified by the name of a house, or a place, or perhaps *in the neighbourhood* of some fashionable square, the unfortunate victim of her parent's folly, acquires a taste for a mode of life of which she literally knows nothing, except from the trash of modern novels, or from her long *conversationis* with her dear confidante, who the humble Abigail of some milk and water woman of fashion, has *risen* to the more humble dignity of tutoress. Here the unfortunate girl, learns what coloured ribband will best suit her complexion, what is the most fashionable smile, how much of her person she may shew with propriety, and how little of it need be concealed when occasion serves; perhaps she can tell the capital of Poland, or can repeat the whole list of kings since the conquest without more than half a dozen mistakes; and, thus accomplished, she returns to the paternal roof, ashamed of her father's rank in life, despising the young men who are her equals, and languishing for the devoirs of the Sir Harrys and Lord Johns, about whom she has read so much. Perfectly disposed to display herself, she is even encouraged in it by a foolish doting mother, who assembles her neighbours in her *fashionable* back parlour, produces the *map of England* with half a dozen counties in it, opens the leaves of a portfolio, daubed with blue and green, or perhaps pointing to the broken-legged *piano* in the corner, calls on her darling Miss Molly, *to do her music*. We would not here be supposed to inculcate that female education should be confined alone to the needle, the distaff, or to the making of a pudding; no, we certainly allow, that as females in every class of life have a warm and imitative imagination, that imagination ought to be cultivated with care and even with some degree of taste; of taste which would lead to virtue, and might thereby tend to regulate their future conduct, giving them correct ideas of rectitude, beauty, and decency, and of their opposites, and which are more particularly essential at the present time, when the imitative and general fondness for dress engages the mind of *every* female, above the rank of the ballad singer or travelling gipsey. But the consequences of this imitative rage are not confined to the fair sex; the sober citizen partakes of it, and though he cannot figure at Newmarket, or York, yet contrives to push his bit of blood to Egham and Ascot, and on his return to town, tells his less enterprising evening companions, *as how* that he dined with Sir William, or the Colonel, or the Ruffian; and as how he knows it must be so, because as how he stood next to the Prince. It is this which carries so many mild and peaceable citizens to Moulsey Hurst, or Hillingdon, in the train of some *pleasing hitter*, some *striking* character of the day, until they become so *striking* themselves as to have a docket *struck* against them, when they vanish into the retirements of St. George's Fields, because *demme* it is the fashion. In this country of ease and liberty it is surprising how slavishly the votaries of fashion obey his mandates, whilst the customs and rules which he requires meet with the strictest obedience, though contrary to every principle of common sense, or even common convenience, because *it is the fashion*. But it is not our actions alone which are thus cramped, for even our ideas, when we have any, must bow to this superior feeling; so that beauty is only beauty when it is the fashion, and every thing else must be shocking, horrible, detestable, and a bore. One season, the man of fashion, must run races against time, make one of a dashing *eleven* to challenge all England, patronise a pugilist, or scour the moors in search of game for which he does not care six-

pence; the next, he must lay in bed till noon, be sick, sulky, and out of temper, damn the breezes, and the fields, and the flowers, yawn and look petrified. He must be sick of the cry of the hounds or the sound of the horn, and he must loll in his curricle if it is even but for a short excursion to Leader's or Tattersall's. At another time, *virtu* is the word, then, hey! for exhibitions of pictures, sculpture, and dancing puppies, his whole language and phraseology must take a tinge from his present pursuits, and keeping, contour, and expression, must be all he thinks of. Yet by these observations we wish not to curb the pursuits of *real fashion*, nor even cynically to blame its *eccentricities*, for even they give encouragement to the artist, and bread to the industrious poor; nay, they are often the handmaids of virture, in being preservatives against vice; as such we will always hail them, and though we do not pretend to be the arbiters of fashion, will always endeavour to be its faithful recorders; it is not, in short, with fashion we would quarrel, but with the absurdity of *imitative fashion*, and *affectation of rank*.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR HAL,

Instead of commencing my campaign against the grouse and partridges, here am I still immured in this sombre scene of monotonous dullness, without *one* friend to amuse the passing hour, and my only consolation that I have *not* one friend here to undergo the same horrible torture as I am forced to endure. The *retirement* of Coldbath-fields, or even the cells of the inquisition, are "*parterres* of gay delight," when compared with the insipid silence of Bond-street, or contrasted with the now vulgar din of Kensington, the broad vacant laugh, or the simpering drawl of eastern fashionables who walk seven long miles each Sunday through London's streets, to saunter at the *court-end* of the town. To increase my delights old square-toes has found his way to town, so that, with hearing dull special pleaders read long briefs in the morning, turning over our family papers in the course of the day, till my ideas are totally engrossed by first and second venters, issue lawfully begotten on the bodies of prim dowagers, heirs, executors, and assigns, and then the evening dose of politics, at *his* favourite coffee-house;—there is scarcely a trait of dear fashion left on my mind, and I am fit to be stuck up in one of the huge picture frames whose well gilt *timber* ornaments the walls of our paternal hall; in fact, I must have sunk from a state of *ennui* into down-right torpor, had not a note from our friend B—— given me a reprieve by an invitation to meet all the beauty and fashion of Windsor's gay vicinity, at a military fete sported by the Staffordshire. This regiment, so appropriately styled the King's own, were determined to make a display of their gratitude to their hospitable neighbours, by one gay fete, and shew "how "merrily we live that soldiers be," and certainly they did it with a degree of cheerful elegance that will not easily be forgotten. Understanding that the entertainment would take place at the barracks, I had merely expected a *bachelor's* dance and a sandwich; judge, then, of my surprize on my arrival, to be ushered into an elegant apartment of 90 feet by 25; this was a raised platform in the barrack yard, covered with canvas, and tastefully decorated with rich lustres and variegated lamps in a most fanciful style, with military devices, and other light ornaments. At one end this ball-room opened into two large marquees, decorated in the same manner, and supplied with all kinds of refreshments in a style which shewed that although bachelor's fare, it must have been arranged by the magic hand of some of their fair divinities. The splendour of the scene was much augmented by the gaiety and brilliant ornaments of the company, amongst whom I could distinguish peers and peeresses innumerable; Lord and Lady Boston and their family, Marchionness Cornwallis, Lord and Lady Mountnorris, General Harcourt and his fair spouse, the Ashbrookes, Villiers's, Walsinghams, Freemantles, &c. &c. &c. with their delighted families, enlivened the gay medley; and our satisfaction was much enhanced by the arrival of his Royal Highness of Cumberland. Conversation and refreshments, with martial pieces executed by the band, occupied the evening until ten o'clock, when the fifes and tambourines striking up one of Neil Gow's strathspeys, gave "note of preparation." Happy was the nymph who had engaged a red coat for her partner, and happy were they who had not, for there was a general smile of happiness diffused around; we then tripped it gaily till two, when a suite of supper rooms were thrown open, with every decoration in a military style, except *one*, and that was an excellent supper, with a profusion of every delicacy, a thing, I believe, *rather unmilitary*, when on service. Hilarity and good humoured satisfaction pervaded every breast; our martial entertainers, with easy politeness, shewed their desire to please, and the hour allotted to sup-

per, passed away like a vision of the night; but who could resist the attack of our fair challengers?—We resumed the dance, and footed featly the merry round till *Dan Phœbus*, having quitted the lap of Thetis, like a fashionable husband, came running after Miss Aurora, who, like a notable dame, had just opened her window shutters. I am not fond, however, of chattering scandal, particularly of such *high* characters, so unwilling to be a witness to the blushes of morning's goddess, I tripped to my inn, where I could dream of nothing but drums and trumpets, gods and goddesses, pretty girls and knapsacks. A few days after my Windsor jaunt, the deities of hospitality and philanthropy had prepared a *fête* in Clarendon Park, in Hertfordshire: this was a kind of rustic picnic for the benefit of a poor family, where each guest brought his share of refreshments, and there was a handsome sum raised in the cause of charity, which added additional splendour to the scene. The party met in the most shady part of Clarendon's romantic park, upon nature's carpet, which is certainly more appropriate to *fête champetres*, than all the gaudy tinsel of Chinese tents, and Arabian pavillions, which some of the spoiled children of fortune seem to think absolutely necessary for rural delights; music, an elegant *dejeuné*, and conversation, formed the principal delights of the day; but the joyous dance was not forgotten, and our wood-nymphs tripped away, inhaling health at every aspiration, until the bloom of truth and nature proved its superiority over the rosy tints supplied by Warren, even though relieved by the strong light and shade of a side box, or irradiated by the brilliancy of a ball-room. Though 'twas late when I arrived in town from this sylvan treat, yet I could not resist the intreaties of that chattering fellow M—— to take a peep at Vauxhall;—'tis the *last* night, said he;—but there is something so dismal in the *last* time, even of seeing a summer gala, that I pleaded fatigue. Hang fatigue, exclaims this restless beau, 'twill cure fatigue to see all the dear creatures by the light of the moon; in short, there was no refusing him, and we arrived just in time for that *dear scene* the fire works, when the demure miss who has been so many long weeks immured by aunt Nell, or a careful father, can so conveniently lose her Chaperon, and have the dear delight of running for five minutes through the dark walks like an unchained squirrel, until the anxious guardian rescues her from the fangs of those odious creatures, who, the dear soul has *been told*, will eat her up alive; however, thanks to our circulating libraries, *ignorance* is not now the characteristic of our young females, as their zoological studies have made them perfectly acquainted with the natural history of *man*. The botanical lectures too, to which they are now accustomed, have made them complete adepts in the sexual system, and they so well know the difference between a *style* and a *stamen*, that they are not afraid of rubbing off the *farina* from any flower in the garden.

Whilst you, my good friend, are sporting your cash at the western races, we are obliged *here* to take care of ours, for Egham races were the only dashing sport since I wrote to you; 'tis true, indeed, that something was done by a little poney of Mr. Wardell's, that has astonished even the knowing ones. He started on a Saturday night to run with the Exeter mail, and as it seemed impossible that a thing only twelve hands high, even though led, could keep pace with relays of horses, I took the long odds, and was tempted to trot down the two first stages, just to see his mettle; I saw enough then to induce me to hedge off a little, and when the news came to town of his arrival at Salisbury, where he took a repast of cake and ale, before the mail-coach, I thought it prudent to give the odds of six to four, which were then in his favour. This wonderful little animal preserved his bottom through the whole of this fatiguing journey, and, when within forty miles of his *winning post*, was three miles a-head of the coach, which he finally beat by entering Exeter 45 minutes before it. I just saved myself by my hedging manœuvre, and another time shall look before I leap. The *summer* bon-ton have been much amused here lately by a dashing Cyprian, who, had she lived in the days of classic lore, would have been considered as rivalling Jove himself in *simulation* and *disguises*. She first played off an interesting illness in Hyde-Park, where a simple good hearted child's maid was induced to introduce her to her master's house in Park-lane for assistance, which was immediately procured, when the lady's disorder went off, soon after she went off, and it was then discovered that some of the plate was gone off also; but her *chef d'œuvre* was in one of the front boxes a few evenings ago, where she went *pregnant* with mischief, displaying a pair of delicate white arms, quietly crossed upon a very prominent *abdomen*; her gay air and easy manner introduced her into conversation with two ladies already in the box, with each of whom she chatted for some time *en particuliere*, then apologizing for *want of time*, she left her new ac-

quaintances, who soon discovered that she must have been greatly in *want of time*, to make up which deficiency, she had borrowed both their watches. As her *new hands* were primly crossed all the time she sat in the box, the ladies judge that she must be an *old hand* at the trade, and seem to think that there is more in a big belly than people are apt to imagine.

But Morpheus calls me to repose, and this fair marauder has stolen so much of *my time* also, that I can only say, dear Hal, adieu.

Your's, *E. C.*

London, 25th Sept. 1808.

LETTER VI.

Cheltenham, Sept. 19, 1808.

DEAR NED,

Thus far have I flown in search of the Dear Goddess *Hygeia*, in hopes she will favour me with a large supply from her stock-purse, for the expences of the winter campaign, though from the frequent demands made upon her by those who will not even deign to follow her directions, I fear that I must be a more obsequious attendant on her before she will honour me with a smile. At Brighton, fashion and frolic were so much the order of the day, that health seemed totally out of the question, and whether the bland zephyrs of the west were playing on the bosom of the deep, or that surly dog *Auster* was impelling Old Ocean's waves against our trembling cliffs, it seemed to cause no alteration in the costume of our white-robed misses and muslin-clad dowagers, who boldly braved both the fury of the churlish east, and the inquisitive curiosity of every peeping Tom, who can now *peep without paying for it*, in direct opposition to the *ancient saw*. Indeed I believe most of our Venuses were better clad, when *in the water*, than when *on dry land*; and though time was when curious sparks have envied Martha Gunn her office, it is now unnecessary; indeed even our modern benedicts may exclaim that every body sees *more* of their wives, *than themselves*.

The departure of the Prince seemed the signal for the departure of all gaiety, and the stationary dowagers not having even a *green man* to amuse them, were nearly reduced to the sad alternative of the prayer book or cordial bottle, *pour passer le tems*, when a *white woman* gave a fresh impulse to the tongue of scandal and to the ear of curiosity. "Pray ma'am "have you seen this strange lady? She must "be *very rich*, for she has ordered some of the "finest jewellery at Donaldson's." "Really "she must be a woman of fashion, she has such "a pretty taste; oh! she is a Spencer—pray "what—can you tell, is she one of the —— "Dear me! no ma'am, that's her husband's "name, but he's *abroad*, &c. &c. &c."—At last it was suspected that this lady who had such a fine taste in jewellery, and had such a taking-way with her, had been increasing her selection to a greater extent than what she had paid for; when just at the proper moment, her *mamma comes down*, and the poor girl was merely in love, and nobody surely could be so *very rude* as to be troublesome to a lady who was in love *with a dead attorney*. So mamma promised to take care of the lovelorn damsel, whilst some of the knowing ones whispered that the race of *Green* folks was not quite extinct at Brighton.

Our dashing speculators who had any money left *after the races*, were all agog for a share of the theatre, they were all distanced, however, by a jovial baronet, who has sense enough only to risk his money in *one* sort of *play*-houses; he seems, indeed, to have a decided theatrical gusto, having also purchased a large share of the new Circus. The ladies t'other evening were wondering whether he meant to perform *Romeo* or *Harlequin*, but an Hibernian beau, who is a favourite here, from his characteristic *naiveté*, very *seriously* informed them, that Sir Thomas was to ride on *three* horses, with *a leg upon each! This*, of course, gave rise to much *silent* conjecture, and the fashionable scandal soon turned upon a specimen of city nobility we have here, whose grandfather kept a gin-shop in some fashionable *lane* in the city, from her *rotundity*, one fair dame asserted, that she was qualified to *fill* the Lord Mayor's coach, whilst another, from her *rubicundity*, took occasion to hint that she might be troubled with the *spirits* of her ancestors. To escape from this scene of scandal, I dashed off for Southampton, our old friend G— taking a corner in my travelling carriage; here we arrived time enough not only for the races, but also for the ball, where all the beauty of Hants and Dorset, with many of *Wight's* rosy-cheeked damsels were assembled. The gay Marchioness of L——, and her fair daughters, the sister divinities of the place, with a large assemblage of grace and fashion, enlivened the fairy scene; Lady Honora Woodgate led off with the steward, followed by Miss Giffard and Lord James Murray, Miss Harriet Giffard and Lord Kilcoursie, Lady Caroline Bertie, and a long *et-cetera* of dashing *belles*. The morning dawned upon our gaiety, and sleep was forgotten, though we had made arrangements for leaving

Southampton that day: this, however, was impossible, as a polite note from the castle tempted us to prolong our stay, in order to enjoy the festive close of the season's gaieties in a ball and supper, where elegance and profusion strove for the pre-eminence, under the auspices of well-regulated hospitality. Our engagements now called us to the music meeting at Gloucester; however, as we had a few days to spare, we sauntered as far as the neighbourhood of Ragley, Lord Hertford's superb seat in Worcestershire; here every body seemed to partake of the general happiness diffused by the arrival of the Prince; every tongue was loud in his praise, and every facility was given to the neighbouring gentry to enjoy the splendid hospitality of Ragley. The well-merited popularity of the noble host and hostess, would at any time have assembled their friends around them, but when to this was added the royal attraction, you may well judge of the eager crowds who rushed to partake of the delights of the day. Coursing and shooting, over the well-stocked manors, filled up our mornings; we generally met at dinner with all the beauty and elegance of the vicinity, and never sat down with less than thirty to the hospitable board; music and cards shortened our short evenings, and *in short* we were loath to tear ourselves away even for the bustle of Gloucester's gay music meeting. On our arrival at this *conclave of harmony*, we found nothing but *discord* and confusion, and there were so many *bars* in our *overture*, with such *constrepito* accompaniments, that we were anxious to come at once to the *finale*, by a retrograde *da capo* movement. This, however, was impossible, for we actually had not room to turn our carriage, so that our movements being now *obligato*, we even joined in the *grand chorus*, and looked out for an inn; "here, landlord! waiter! boots! "Betty chambermaid!" "Coming, Sir, com-"ing, coming, coming!" "Oh Lord, Sir, we "haven't room for a mouse."—"Why, Sir, "*every house* in the city has been full these "three days."—"Put us in the *church*, then, "my good friend."—"*The Church, Sir?* Lord "love you, why the churches be full too;" and so they were indeed, for every soul who had the least pretension to fashion, had gone *to hear the sermon*. Compared with *this* scene of crowd and bustle, Shakspeare's jubilee was a mere *Bartlemy Fair*, and as all the provisions in town were put in requisition as well as the beds, we should have been obliged to dine with the *good Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, had it not have been for the easy assurance of my friend G—, who, by a slight knowledge of one of the canons procured us good quarters. To describe the concerts, the balls, and the sermons, which filled up the week, would be, indeed, impossible; the first would have been very fine, had the fiddlers had elbow room, the second would have been delightful if there had been room to dance, and the last must have made many converts, if the dear delicious squeezing would have allowed the auditors to think of *any thing* but the fair forms by whom they were pressed.

From this harmonious scene we have retired to Cheltenham, where I found a letter from my gentle coz Lady Bell D——, who was one of the northern party, from whom I eloped so critically, or should, perhaps, from the softness of the season, and the romantic impression of the surrounding scenery, have soon been in a fair way to become a *picturesque* object in a family groupe; her ladyship's lively description I enclose you, and remain, Dear Ned, ever yours, *Henry* ——

Letter VII.

Ambleside, Sept. 10.

FOR thy unfriendly departure, my eccentric, Coz, I could chide thee severely, but shall only condemn my tongue to gloomy silence, *if possible*, when next we meet; your absence has put a stop in some measure to our rambling over fells and cataracts, and we have sojourned here for some time in order to enjoy the milder scenery of Windermere. When you left us at Keswick, our old folks proposed that we should wait in the neighbourhood for the annual regatta, which was to be held this year on Windermere, in preference to Keswick, we, therefore, sent Philip to procure lodgings at Ambleside, and pursued our way to Hawkeshead, in order to catch the romantic views from Furness Fell. Since you have fled, however, from these *picturesque* scenes, I shall punish you by a description of them, as I have traced them with peculiar ardour, until my head turned giddy, but *that* you will tell me is nothing strange, and now you must suppose yourself tripping with me from Ested Lake, across this Alpine acclivity, whose sides steep, rocky, and precipitous, are washed by the gentle waters of Windermere. It was evening when we approached the charming scene, and our guide having led us along the side of the mountain for some distance, brought us to a point of view from which our prospect was most enchanting; the sun was just setting, and was hid from us by the lofty Furness, whilst

his rays gleamed over the lake, its sweetly scattered islands, and the opposite scenery, with an effect completely indescribable. The most glowing tints of *Lorraine*, and the wildest scenery of *Salvator* were here surpassed; the pencil—nay, even fancy herself must fail in attempting to sketch the picture; the lake was one vast mirror, calm and undisturbed by the slightest air, and reflected on its azure expanse, the green islands, which, like emeralds, studded its surface, the cultivated banks where neatness and happiness seemed to ramble hand in hand, and the primeval woods, and romantic mountains which sheltered or hung over the simple villages, whose white cottages gave a charming relief to the interesting scene.—Breaks in the mountains seemed as the entrances into *other* worlds, whilst the winding vales opened with mild radiance to the view, or at intervals shut in the foaming rivulets that rushed along their stoney bottoms, forming a sweet contrast with the dark brown woods and rocky eminencies which closed the Vistas. In this delightful neighbourhood, we remained until the day of the regatta; the morning commenced with all the awful gloom of mists and storms, but *Dan Phœbus*, as if anxious to greet the blaze of beauty assembled round the lake, coquettishly glanced around his partial beams, and formed a scene, such as Gilpin would have chosen; the tints of sunbeam on some of the projecting eminences, whilst others were lost in the clouds, gave to the sombre masses all the characteristic contrast of light and shade; the golden tints where his rays fell, and these brilliant rays streaming against the obscure sides of the blackest fells, broken at intervals by sweeping showers, which, from reflection, added even to their brilliancy, made us amends even for the wetness of the morning, and formed a complete Alpine scene around us. Sir David Fleming was the steward of the day, and made every polite arrangement for his fair visitors; the weather suddenly clearing up, we embarked in ten pleasure boats, belonging to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, but as one of them, it was well known, could distance every competitor, *the race* was declined, and we merely made a complete circuit of the lake. At three we returned on shore, to a most sumptuous repast in a large tent behind the ferry house, where our evening glided on in all the delight of friendly mirth and rustic revelry. Mr. Curwen presided, and on the removal of the cloth gave our venerable Sovereign, and the Royal Family; this at the request of Lady Wake, was followed by "the "Spanish Patriots, and may every nation be "free that wishes and deserves it." One of our beaux slily gave, "the two best things on "earth, the woman we love best, and the "friend we can trust," and at last they got so fond of toasting, that it was with difficulty we could draw them from their wine to join in the sports of the evening. Here we had poney races, and every other species of rural merriment; in short, the rocks, the woods, and all the romantic landscape of Windermere, formed a scene fitted for magic spells, and incantations wild, which, of course, were cast by the charming groupes of Lancashire witches, who formed the party. I too would have cast a spell, but—but of that more anon, at present, gentle Coz, believe me.

Your's, &c.

Arabella D——.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

EARLY this month a new farce, entitled *Yes or No*, was produced at this theatre, and a richer compound of unmeaning bustle, want of interest and stupidity had seldom met our eyes. An hypocritical quaker, who suffers himself to be made drunk, and whilst yet in his senses assumes the garb of a recruit: an old bachelor, in love with the past: an old maid, his sister, an admirer of the improvements of the present: a young officer, their ward who delights in noise and confusion; a drunken corporal, a poor and innocent maiden, a sailor, a few tip-staffs and soldiers, compose the characters that wound up the springs of the action. As for the plot itself, it is too trifling to be described; an hypocrite is discovered through his own foolishness, and his designs on the fortune of the young officer, whom he had misrepresented to his guardian are frustrated. This is nearly all.

The acting of the different performers was so excellent as to save the piece, the conclusion of which was attended by a loud, and to the author's ears probably, an inharmonious duet between a clap and a hiss. It was, however, played afterwards for several nights till the well-founded severity of the audience was exhausted by lassitude into something like toleration.

On the 14th of September Mr. Young made his appearance in *Hamlet*, by particular desire; but as in his life at the latter part of this number we shall have occasion to give an account of this performance, we shall not now make any remarks upon it. On the ensuing night this theatre closed its summer uninteresting career with *The Africans*, *Plot and Counterplot*, and *Yes or No*. It is useless to declaim against the judgment of managers in their choice of dramatic compositions, as long as the want of public taste, countenances such pieces as were brought forward this season at the Haymarket. It is not a clamourous opposition that will awe, our managers, they are not afraid of hisses, which by a secret, as precious as the philosopher's stone, they know to transmute (in their bills) into *unbounded applause*. Formerly one night sufficed to damn a play; but now through the obstinate and really impudent resistance of these gentlemen, a wretched production may protract its defence for three four and even seven or eight evenings, and sometimes thus tire its assailants into a cessation of hostilities. We shall not wonder at their stubborness if we consider that the house is equally filled by those who come to hiss as by those whose *business* it is to clap: and perhaps better; as the latter frequently consist of the author's friends who are of course gratuitously admitted. As long as interest is not endangered, honour and fame will be disregarded. Let a more effective means of checking the intrusion of wretched pieces be tried. Instead of crowding the theatre a second or third night to complete the damnation of a bad play, let the silence of empty benches be disturbed by the actor's voice alone, and the Tragedy, Comedy, Farce or Melo-drama will not survive two nights. For however fond of treating the public with nonsense, the Managers are too wise to listen to it themselves.

A great impropriety, of which every man who retains any love for decency will complain, and which it was in the power of the Manager of the Haymarket to soften, is the disorderly conduct of an infamous portion of the female sex in the lobby. If the iron sway of custom prevented him from closing the doors of the theatre against this wretched cast of beings; or if prudential, or rather interested motives insured their admission, proper means might certainly have been taken to *repress* the loudness, if not the licentiousness of their tongue, their contentions and their importunities? Although this bane of our national morals is also encouraged at our winter theatres, and even on a larger scale, the confusion which it creates there, is quietness when compared with that which continually raged in the Haymarket lobby. It was not only difficult for the company in the boxes to hear any thing of the play, it was impossible to prevent the ear of modesty and innocence from being stained by the most shameful language. We hope this nuisance will be partly removed when this theatre recommences its summer course, and wish, but we fear in vain, that the certainty of drawing a larger audience will be over-balanced in the Manager's opinion, by that of contributing to the corruption of morals, and that the welfare of virtue, religion, and social happiness will at last triumph over private interest.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

This theatre opened on the 17th, with the *Honey Moon* and *Rosina*. Elliston and Miss Duncan displayed their usual excellence. Miss Mellon was happier than formerly in her imitations of Mrs. Jordan. Mr. Penley played the part of *Jaques* with great spirit, and Mr. Russell that of *Roland*, with no small degree of ease and nature. This performer, although correct enough in the conception and delineation of characters, always preserves, in those of gentlemen, an air of vulgarity which spoils their effect. He possesses fine teeth, and is so fond of shewing them, that his face is incessantly distorted into a useless grin.

On the 20th, a young lady who had never appeared on any stage, made her *debut* in *Ophelia*. Her timidity nearly checked her power of utterance, and the plaudits with which a kind audience sought to encourage her, served only to increase her agitation. She triumphed at last over her fears; pronounced her speeches with feeling and judgment, and sang her wild ditties with a great deal of taste. Her gestures, as might be expected on a first appearance, were rather stiff, but not inappropriate; and the simplicity with which she delineated madness, and which was well suited to the character of the innocent *Ophelia*, formed a very interesting picture. She was loudly and universally applauded, and will, by culti-

vating her talents, prove a useful acquisition to the stage.

On the 22d, Mr. Scriven, from the Theatre-Royal Edinburgh, made his first appearance at Drury Lane, in the part of *Hodge*, in *Love in a Village*. If we are to judge from his manner of acting of the taste of our neighbours, the Scotch, they must be as fond of loud vulgarity and contorted faces, as the gods in our theatres. In the latter art, we believe Mr. Scriven surpasses even the father of grins and grimaces, Mr. Munden. Through the constant habit of distorting his countenance, it is become so moveable, that like the hand of a dial that points out unknowingly all the hours, it expresses, unconsciously, all the passions, in a regular succession. He came armed with a shield of boldness and impudence, which covered him so entirely, that the audience thought it impossible to attack him, and make him feel abashed, and therefore refrained from hostilities. His gestures are too violent, too rapid, and too numerous, and he has got the habit of putting his hand to his head and scratching it so frequently, as to make us fear for the person who stands close to him. He speaks too loudly, and bawls out the beginning of every line in his songs in the most abrupt and unpleasant manner. Notwithstanding his faults, he certainly possesses talents. He sometimes approaches Emery in the expression of rustic simplicity, and can assume Fawcett's look of sharp cunning. Let him check his spirit, his voice, and the springs that move his limbs, and he will certainly become a good actor.

On the 24th, Mrs. Jordan made her first appearance this season in the *Country Girl*. Revolted at the idea of a person of her size assuming the male attire, we repaired to the theatre with the intention of being as severe as justice would allow. But the music of her tongue, more powerful than the boasted spells of magic, melted our *firm* resolution. Her *unexpected* airy lightness, her truly *girlish* spirit, her ease, her grace, her simplicity, and also her cunning, in a moment, turned the tide of our criticism into the channel of praise and sincere admiration. She is grown rather thinner, and looks better than ever. Miss Lyon sang delightfully. This young actress has greatly improved. Her voice is become very powerful and extensive, and her taste in managing it has increased in proportion.

The house has undergone no alteration, except the gilding of the iron pillars that support the lights.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Theatre opened on the 12th, with the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and the farce of *Raising the Wind*. The attraction of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, and almost the whole force of the theatre, was so powerful, as to conquer the dread of being deemed unfashionable by attending the play so early, and overflowing numbers crowded the house. Mrs. Siddons's reception was equal to her deserts and gratifying to her feelings, which her agitation plainly betrayed. If the fountain of youth, whence age drew new strength, agility, and grace, were not a creation of the poet's fancy, we would think this inimitable actress had spent the summer in drinking its salutary waters: years have respected her beauty, and time shrinks from the task of withering her genius. To point out passages in her performance as expressed with more truth, judgment or force than others, may be allowed when we describe the efforts of an actress who does not excel in all, but would be almost an invidious task when canvassing the merits of Mrs. Siddons.

Mr. Kemble was, as usual, great at intervals only. He condemned whole speeches to insignificance, to raise a favourite line, a particular word, or sometimes a short passage into more eminent notice. During the first act, he generally spoke so low as to make us fear he was in danger of being soon obliged to act in pantomime only, through a total deficiency of voice. In the second act, however, our apprehension vanished. In his address to the imaginary dagger, he was himself once more; a man fired with genius, which burst forth in all his looks, words, and attitudes. His sudden start at

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
"The handle towards my hand?"

His vain effort at grasping vacant air—

"Come, let me clutch thee—
"I have thee not; and yet I see thee still."

the terror with which he thinks he sees it stained with blood, and his natural and affecting return to truth and reason, at

"There's no such thing,"

made us forget all his former imperfections, and the wilfully vicious peculiarities of his pronunciation. We have never witnessed a finer piece of acting, although we have studied him in all his greatest characters.

This gentleman, who is in every thing else but pronunciation so fond of propriety, ought not, we think, towards the close of the last act, after causing his armour to be brought, and exclaiming as loud as he did,

"At least we'll die with harness on our back," to have appeared in the next scene without either helmet or cuirass. It seems, indeed, that he thinks ancient warriors used to wear defensive armour in tournaments or time of peace alone; and, that it was their custom when going to battle, (like our modern beaus, who leave their opera hats at the door of a ball-room, when intending to engage in the merry dance) politely to pull off their helmets, in order to oppose less resistance to the swords of their adversaries. For, whenever there is a fight between distinguished personages on the stage, and it is well known that no performer dares introduce a single attitude, and still less such an innovation, without the acting manager's consent, the combatants appear bare-headed. Thus Mr. Charles Kemble, in *Macduff*, took care before meeting his foe to uncover his head. The intention of this impropriety is, perhaps, the wish of increasing the interest we feel in the contest, by augmenting the danger to which the combatants are exposed. But not only it fails in producing the desired effect, it even takes away the charms of illusion, in which all the merit of theatrical performances consists. The actors, who are not in reality the undaunted heroes whom they represent, conscious of the absence of defensive weapons, and naturally sparing of their blood, think a greater degree of caution necessary, to guard against any fatal consequences. Apprehension damps their spirit, and *Macbeth* and *Macduff*, although they tell us fired with hatred and revenge, fight as though they were fearful of hurting each other. Another impropriety, we think, is the *divinatory* impulse with which every performer, whether king, prince, thane, or officer, retires to the bottom of the stage whenever *Macbeth* is about to speak a soliloquy, or even a few lines aside. We know it is very ridiculous for a man to pretend to spout his secret thoughts aloud without being heard, whilst he is surrounded by those from whom he wishes to conceal them. But it is equally ridiculous to see those very men watch the motion of his lips, and all of a sudden with an unanimous determination, hasten back, and with the same regularity return, when the sound of his last word has expired. A just medium might certainly be observed that would assist, not wound probability.

Mr. C. Kemble displayed some spirit and a good deal of judgment in his delineation of *Macduff*, although at the moment when he learns the murder of his wife and children, his despair rather turned into whining. The parts of the witches were as usual admirably sustained by Messrs. Emery, Blanchard and Simmons, and Mr. Bellamy, in *Hecate*, nearly made us forget Mr. Incledon.

On the 16th, Mrs. Siddons performed the part of *Isabella*. It was generally thought that the hand of age would have closed to her access this character, in which her youthful talents first unfolded themselves. But her undiminished excellence soon dispelled these fears. In this part she is a widow, she has spent seven years in tears, she does not therefore require the airy shape and blooming face of youth. The matronly appearance of this lady, and the traces of maturity impressed on her features, contributed to fit her for such a character. She is, we believe, the only one who in the same play, and at very close intervals, could afford a painter faultless models of pious resignation, stifled despair, joy mixed with terror, and of reason conquered by grief and sinking into madness. Mr. Kemble was not as great in *Biron* as he is in general. His voice seemed very weak, but when he chose to exert its powers, it resumed all its wonted energy.

It was after the representation of *Pizarro*, on the 19th, in which his *Rolla* and Mrs. Siddons's *Elvira* had raised admiration to the highest pitch, that the conflagration took place, which levelled this theatre to the dust, and cost so many brave men their lives. The loss amounts, it is said, to about 70 or 80,000*l*. It is lucky that the projected improvements had not yet been put into execution. We rejoice the Managers have been able to hire the Opera-house. We are glad to hear also that they have engaged Mr. Young, who distinguished himself so much as a tragic actor at the Haymarket, and doubt not but the public will come forward in their support with that alacrity and liberality, to which calamities entitle genius, talent, and respectability.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

The company late of Covent-Garden Theatre commenced their performance Sept. 20th at the Opera House. Many of the boxes considered private property were generously resigned for the benefit of the Managers, and the house was numerously attended. Before the curtain drew up the band in the Orchestra struck up "God save the King," which was received by the audience standing, and applauded with enthusiasm. Mr. J. Kemble then came forward, and delivered a very appropriate address. He observed, that he appeared before the audience to express a grateful sense of the

flattering encouragement they had afforded the company on the present evening. He was apprehensive it was irregular to address them on the misfortunes of the company, but he trusted that their indulgence would interpret the expressions he uttered in the most favourable manner. Notwithstanding the misfortune which had befallen the Theatre, it had been the object of the managers that no time should be lost in providing for those who looked to them for support. Previous to the last disaster, the Theatre abounded with splendid scenery, excellent machinery, and valuable stage ornaments, but by that dreadful calamity all these embellishments of the drama had been lost. These losses it was the intention of the Managers to supply as early as it was possible. He again thanked the Public for the support and encouragement they had afforded; and he concluded by assuring them, that a new Theatre would be opened by next September, replete with every article necessary to make it a fit ornament for the first city in the British Empire.—Mr. Kemble, then withdrew amidst repeated bursts of applause. In the Tragedy of *Douglas*, Mrs. Siddons sustained *Lady Randolph* with her usual ability. She was loudly applauded. Barrymore appeared in *Glenalvon*, and sustained the character with great spirit. Mr. C. Kemble in *Young Norval*, and Pope, in the *Stranger*, received their well merited share of the applause. The Opera of *Rosina* followed, in which Miss Bolton made her first appearance in *Rosina*. She sung with considerable ability, and upon the whole was well received by the audience. Incledon, Taylor, and Mrs. Liston were greeted with loud plaudits.

PARTICULARS OF THE BURNING OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

IT is now our business to state, and we state it with concern, the total Conflagration of Covent Garden Theatre. This truly disastrous event took place on Tuesday morning, September 20, at the early and alarming hour of four o'clock. Such dreadful visitations, to which the inhabitants of this overgrown town are peculiarly exposed, carry with them something so awfully imposing to the senses as well as affecting to the feelings, that a degree of permanent importance is attached to their occurrence, even when unattended with the conspicuous circumstances which mark the present. They become, therefore, matter well worthy of record; seeing that in future years their re-perusal will afford a melancholy gratification to the present generation, and gratify the anxious curiosity of the next. The following are the leading and most remarkable particulars of the unfortunate event:—At twelve o'clock at night, Mr. Brandon, the house and box-book-keeper, took his usual survey of the different parts of the Theatre; and, from the most minute observation, he concluded that there was no appearance of any thing that could induce suspicion, as to the safety of the property. The watchman, in going his rounds, also concluded that all was safe. It would appear, however, that some of the combustibles that composed the fire-balls which are discharged in the course of the performance of *Pizarro*, had lain smothered among the scenery for several hours, thus silently but rapidly spreading the mischief, which, when discovered, had got too strong a hold of the premises to be prevented.

At four o'clock in the morning, Mr. Brandon was called up by the watchman, when the whole house was in flames. The roof fell in about six, and before eight o'clock the whole interior of this magnificent building, the audience part, the stage, the different entrances, the treasury, and music-room were consumed.

Unfortunately the flames did not confine their ravages to the ill-fated building, in which they commenced their destructive career. Six or eight houses are totally destroyed in Bow-street, and two in Hart-street.

But great as are these losses to the proprietors and other sufferers, a more dreadful occurrence is yet to be mentioned.—The firemen attached to an engine belonging to the Phœnix Office, together with several others, had broke open the door of the Theatre under the Piazza, and advancing forward into the passage, had directed the pipes up the stairs leading to the boxes. While thus in the act of playing upon the interior of the Theatre, a stack of chimnies belonging to the Shakspeare tavern fell down, and bursting through the covering of the passage, buried them in the ruins! This dreadful event took place about a quarter before seven, and it was a considerable time before the rub-

bish, which now blocked up the door, could be cleared away. When it was effected, a miserable spectacle presented itself. The mangled bodies of dead and dying appearing through the rubbish, or discovered in each advance to remove it. Three of them were firemen belonging to the Phœnix Fire Office. Sixteen were sent to Middlesex Hospital, miserably mangled, with broken limbs, and dreadful bruises; and shells were prepared for the conveyance of the remaining dead bodies.

Coroners' Inquests have been held on the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, and the Jury, upon the whole of the evidence, returned a verdict, that the persons met their death *Accidentally, by the falling of the Apollo Room, at Covent Garden Theatre.*

The amount insured on the Theatre is 48,000*l.* Of the probable value of the Theatre, a fair estimate may be taken, when it is stated that Mr. J. Kemble, not long since, gave 25,000*l.* for 1-6th share.

MONTHLY RETROSPECT.

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold!—*Pope's Essay on Man.*

IT has long been customary for the Editors of Periodical Miscellanies to amuse themselves with detailing, towards the conclusion of their monthly labours, what is understood to be the *State of Public Affairs.* Public Affairs!—There is really something imposing in the very sound of two such words. Public Affairs, matters which concern every body; upon which, of course, any body is at liberty to determine, and, if he can, to write!

Many men, as the proverb says, many minds. Our summarising politicians are numerous; and their speculations will be found to be as varied as the characters of the various writers by whom they are so happily promulged. We may, perhaps, obtain from them some little knowledge of the state of Public Affairs, but it is absolutely impracticable to collect from them any estimate of the state of Public Opinion, though each writer asserts the superior nature of his own information, and intimates that his judgment is, or ought to be, the determination of his contemporaries. The qualifications of these gentlemen are also admirably contradistinguished. One, but then he is the humblest of scribes, contents himself with relating nothing more than is already known to all, with condensing, for the benefit of his readers, the fair contents of the daily newspapers, and honestly leaving them to form their own conclusions from these indubitable sources of intelligence. A second, and this is a sturdy politician, aspires to trace the causes of events, as well as to narrate events; he knows what might have come to pass, even better than he knows what has actually happened,—if certain men had not been ministers, and if such an admiral, or such a general, had not commanded; if, indeed, his remarks had been duly noticed, and his recommendations attended to, by persons in power; he, therefore, looks rather to men than measures; and he can with certainty pronounce, on all occasions, and under any circumstances, what conduct ought to have been adopted, and what results must have inevitably ensued. Our third philosopher cares very little about what has transpired among men, or even what is doing among them; he is not the creature of yesterday, and to-day; but, mingling prophecy with politics, he is concerned only to ascertain what must and will be performed, at some potentous period, on the great theatre of human affairs. This last is the most felicitous. If, after having obtained a distinguished victory, our generals sign a disgraceful convention with the enemies over whom they have triumphed, this does not afflict him; it is enough, while France domineers by land, that Britain is enabled to command the sea. We had no business out of our element. Popery, he knows, must be extirpated; to effect the complete ruin of popery, the race of the Bourbons must also be exterminated; and who is destined to accomplish this great work?—Why, the great NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!

Is it not then evident, that we ought cautiously to exult (if, by the way, we are really authorised to exult at all) in the "*Dawn of* "*Spanish Liberty,*" upon which we have so

warmly congratulated ourselves; and from which we are induced to expect the sunshine of universal freedom, and unsullied happiness? What though "the undivided attention of Englishmen is unquestionably fixed and rivetted, most strongly, on the South of Europe,"—let not him that putteth on the harness boast as he that putteth it off! Suppose, some looker on might say, that "honest Samuel Whitbread, Esquire, M. P." and the Edinburgh Reviewers, and William Cobbett, should, most unfortunately, happen to be right! Suppose, "that the blood shed, and the victims sacrificed" in Spain, should prove "useless;" and that, in the language of the devastation-breathing Emperor, before the *year is elapsed*, there should "not be a single village in Spain in a state of insurrection, nor an Englishman in that country!!" It is extremely unfashionable, however, to suppose such things. Our politicians augur most favourably of Spain; and it is only to be regretted, that any ill-boding prophet, or one pretending to prophecy, should attempt to disturb, as the croaking author of a recent tract called "JOHN BULL" does attempt to disturb, most unceremoniously, "the undivided attention of Englishmen." This fellow is for confining us to our ships, as if they were litterally prisons; he assigns the continent, and I know not what else, without reservation, to our implacable foe, as if he possessed a parchment-deed of Providence to this effect; and he will scarcely allow any of us to set two feet on foreign shores, except it be to further our maritime operations. And all this, he contends, is destiny. Away with such a fellow!

Spain, if a revolutionary phrase may be tolerated, is now the order of the day. She is, with us, the most magnanimous of modern nations; and her inhabitants are entitled to the honours of patriotic martyrology. Astonished at their exertions, we make antiquarian researches into the history of their country, and begin to discover that they possess both virtue and valour!! Will they thank us for these discoveries? Can we, indeed, expect them to admire us for bestowing upon them a species of ironical eulogy?

Sagacious as we unquestionably are, we seem strangely to undervalue the calculations of other nations. We hasten to the assistance of Portugal, our old and faithful ally; and, lo! strange to hear, the Portuguese, instead of being grateful for our services, remonstrate against them. What would they have of us, the good people of Lisbon? They, it appears, are angry—because we did not leave them to fight their own battles! Portugal then, at length, is emulous of excelling the example exhibited to her by Spain.

These, and perhaps other, considerations, it is rumoured, have affected even our Cabinet Councils. People will have it, that Mr. Canning is tired of his colleagues; and that, unless the Grenvilles are called in, he has resolved to turn out!! I am not in the secret; and I can only exclaim, with Shakspeare, in his First Part of *King Henry IV.* that

> "The quality and hair of our attempt
> "Brooks no division!"

Certainly, however, enough has lately taken place, in our foreign department, to create disunion of opinion in the home department. Even orator Waithman, not forgetting, of course, the Dinner given by the great men of his City to some Spanish Deputies, is for presenting, in their corporate capacity, what he calls "an *humble* and *dutiful* Address to his Majesty, expressing *grief* and *astonishment*" at the transactions which have recently occurred in Portugal. Oh! Messieurs Dalrymple, Burrard, Wellesley, and Co. how came ye to describe an "upstart usurper" as his "Imperial and Royal Majesty Napoleon the First," and couple him, at the same instant of time, with his "Britannick Majesty" George the Third? It is, nevertheless, a serious truth, fundamentally admitted by the best writers on the Laws of Nations, and one of which it would not have become three statesmen-like generals to have pleaded ignorance, that "*the assumption of the imperial purple does away all previous incapacity*;" and, like charity, the mantle of royalty may be said to "cover a multitude of sins." If it were not so, when would nations terminate their disputes about the legitimacy of individual supremacy? Were men permitted everlastingly to cavil concerning the origin of human power, and impudently to enquire into its justice or legality, how few governments could long flatter themselves with the prospect of durability!

"Whatever is, is right."—So sung our poetical necessitarian: but there always exist some "wicked singers," as the Rev. Charles Wesley was wont to call some of his good Brother's chapellers, who may demur to join heartily in this great chorus; and in such circumstances, one may venture to imagine the Proprietors of the late Covent-Garden Theatre!—Jeremy Collier indeed, were he now living,

would, in all probability, exult in this terrible conflagration, and, perhaps, the Society for the Suppression of Vice have contemplated its details with no common complacency. Puritans and players, saints and sinners, are very differently affected by catastrophies of this description. Nero is said to have fiddled, while Rome was burning. Mr. Ware, by the way, is stated to have lost, on this occasion, a fiddle worth three-hundred guineas! !—Let us hope for the best. I, at least, am no advocate for any species of burning. NEMO.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Sunning Hill, Berks, Lady Popham of a son, being her 9th Child.

At Aske Hall, the Lady of the Hon. Lawrence Dundas, of a son.

In Lower Grosvenor Street, the Lady of Colonel Anson, M.P. of a son.

At Berrington Salop, the Hon. Mrs. Hill, of a daughter.

At the House of her Mother in Portman Square, the Lady of the Rev. N. Wade, of Bombay, of a daughter.

At Exning Lodge, Suffolk, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Wylde, of a son.

At the Grange, Hants, Lady Henry Stuart, of a son.

At Otley Park, near Ellesmere, Right Hon. Lady Kenyon, of a daughter.

At Battersea Rise, Lady of Henry Thornton, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Henry Hooper, Esq. of Exeter, to Miss Caroline Boughton, second daughter of the late Sir Edward Boughton, of Poston Court, Herefordshire.

Capt Abdy, R.N. to Miss Rich, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Rich, Sunning, Berks.

Edward Symmons Ommaney, Esq. of Yarmouth, to Miss Henrietta Maria Lacon, daughter of Sir Edmund Lacon.

At Bath, I. H. Holder, Esq. of Cerney House, Gloucestershire, to Miss Elizabeth Hewitt, niece of Lord Viscount Lifford.

At Kilmington, Rev. Samuel Serrel, of Wells, to Miss Harriet Digby, daughter of the late Dean of Durham and Sister of Lady Ilchester.

At Litchfield, Charles Holland Hastings, Esq. Major of the 63d Regiment, to Mary youngest Daughter of the late Lieut. General Gardiner, Commander in Chief at Nova Scotia.

DEATHS.

The Dowager Lady Dacre, who died on the 12th of September, at her seat at Lee, was the daughter of Sir S. Fludyer, a wealthy and eminent citizen. Early in life she married the Right Hon. Trevor Charles Roper, Baron Dacre, with whom she lived many years in such firm and undisturbed affection, as laid the foundation for those singularities which marked her Ladyship's sorrow for her loss, when Lord Dacre died in July, 1798. For a considerable period after that event she wholly secluded herself, and when she appeared again abroad she wore the hat and the walking cane of her deceased husband. A habit of the colour of his cloaths, and formed after the fashion of them about the waistcoat, was assumed by her Ladyship immediately after her mourning weeds. The boots, spurs, and gloves of Lord Dacre, were placed every morning in the hall by the servant who had attended him in his life time. A portrait of his Lordship hung in the dining parlour, and a plate, with a knife and fork, was placed at table as if for him. His monument which is of marble, and very beautifully executed, stands beside that of Sir S. Fludyer's, in Lee Church-yard, and was cleaned with care every Saturday, and strewed round with sea sand. Thither her Ladyship came every evening at about nine o'clock, and knelt about ten minutes: nothing could deter her from these orisons; and although she was twice robbed, yet would she not permit any of her servants to attend her even at a distance. On neither of these occasions did she seem anxious to punish the plunderers, but when a villain wantonly mutilated the monument of her husband, she prosecuted him with very great severity. The period of the year in which Lord Dacre expired, was always held sacred by her, and because the meadows were then being mowed, and his Lordship, the day previous to his death, had sat at the window to observe the hay-makers, the meadows were every year

afterwards mowed on the same day; the chair in which his Lordship sat was placed by the side of the window, and as she placed herself beside it, she seemed to converse with the spirit of her departed spouse. In all this there was no derangement of intellect: in most things a strong masculine perception and extensive prudence were the characteristics of her Ladyship. She was benevolent to the poor, but economically so; and though not sparing of her beneficence, she knew the great secret of doing much good at a small expence. She walked about the village of Lee in all weathers, frequently entered the cottage of the sick, chatted with the aged, and encouraged the industrious. The respect and affection for her memory, which was shewn at her funeral on Tuesday the 20th September, was very great: the church-yard, and the lanes leading thereto, were crowded by numbers of all ranks, and the poor bewailed their loss with tears and lamentations. Her Ladyship's age was no more than 54, but her appearance and her masculine attire, made her to be thought full ten years older. She was rather short and bulky in her person. Her features were small and pleasing, but being embrowned by her manner of living, possessed a forbidding harshness to a casual observer. Condescension, cheerfulness, and benevolence, were, indeed, soon perceived by those who conversed with her, and she seemed to take an interest in the affairs of others, that endeared her to many.

Whilst on a shooting party at his Seat in Suffolk, Right Honourable Lord Rendlesham.

At Hagley, near Birmingham, in his 84th year, William Henry Lord Lyttelton, succeeded in his title and estates by George Fulke, now Lord Lyttelton.

At Cheltenham, Mrs. Taylor, Wife of Col. Taylor, of the 4th regiment of foot.

In Gloucester-place, Catharine second daughter of Lieut. General Lord Forbes.

At Merchestown Bank, Scotland, aged 86, John Home, Esq, author of Douglas, for writing which he was stripped of his gown, through the illiberal prejudices of his brother clergymen.

At Richmond, advanced in years, Mrs. Denne, mother of the Right Hon. Lady Beauchamp.

In Beaumont Street, Lady Ann Rich, Widow of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Rich, Baronet.

At Froxfield, Somersetshire, aged 65, the Rev. Clement Crutwell, well known in the literary world.

In his 77th year the Rev. John Ekins, D.D. Dean of Salisbury.

At Swansea, Lieut. Col. Campbell of the 91st regiment, Inspecting Field Officer of the district.

At her House, James Street, Westminster, after a lingering Illness, Hon. Miss Trefusis, Sister of the late Lord Clinton, known alike for her virtues, and as an elegant Poetess.

In Melina-place, near Westminster Bridge, Capt Henry E. A. Caulfield, late of the 1st regiment of Guards.

At St. Andrews, Scotland, Rev. John Adamson, Professor of Civil History in that university.

At Bencoolen, Hon. C. Murray, Son of the late Bishop of St. Davids, and Nephew to the Duke of Athol, of wounds received from the malays, whilst defending Mr. Parr, the Governor, from their attack.

At his house, Lower Tooting, Surry, Philip Gidley King, Esq. Capt. R. N. and late Governor of New South Wales.

Lately, at Seringapatam, General Sir William Clarke, Bart. Commandant of that District.

At his House, near Dartford, James Cumming, Esq. Admiral of the White. aged 70. This Officer was first Lieut. of the Dolphin with Commodore Byron in his Voyage round the World, and though upwards of 6 feet high, is described by the Commodore as astonished to find himself a Pigmy alongside of the gigantic Patagonians.

At Thankes, Devonshire, Mrs. Nesham, wife of Capt. Nesham, R. N. and daughter of the late Admiral Lord Greaves.

At Hopeton House, Scotland, Lady Jemima Johnstoun Hope, Wife of Capt. Hope, R. N.

Lately, at Gosford, aged 85, Right Hon. Francis Earl of Wemyss.

Aged 87, Rev. Sir William A. Wray, Bart. of Darley, Derbyshire, of which he had been Rector 41 years.

Mr. YOUNG as HAMLET.

"Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further."

Hamlet. Act I.

Boston. Published by B. W. & D. Kemp, 41. Catherine Street. Strand. Oct. 1, 1792.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

LIFE OF MR. CHARLES YOUNG, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

WHAT is the duty of a biographer? To select for the object of his elucidating investigation, a character eminent for his talents, genius, virtues, or peculiarities: whose life has not flowed through the channel of inactivity, so as to escape the notice of his fellow-creatures, and be lost like the scarce rising billow in the multitude of waves that swell around it, but whose exertions have promoted the welfare, or the amusement of mankind. What are the difficulties which the biographer has to encounter? The chief consists in finding such a character as we have represented. The stage of the world is unfolded to his sight, and he beholds tumultuous crowds of beings, big with fancied importance, bustling away their lives in a round of occupations, which, at the first glance, may appear worthy the deep attention which they bestow upon them, but which melt into airy nothings before the eye of unprejudiced reason. If he have made no study of men and manners; if dazzled by their external qualities, he never sought to dive into those of their hearts and their souls; if he have not wrenched from prejudice her iron sceptre, and from partiality her magic wand, he will be deceived by every impostor who assumes the semblance of virtue, or ascending the stilts of impudence, rears himself into a genius, or a wit. But let us suppose, that not blinded by his ignorance or presumption, his choice has fallen upon a person whose importance in the scale of human beings is REAL; whose life will not only interest but improve the vulgar, by offering them objects of comparison, and awaking emulation; he has not yet passed the threshold of difficulties. That person whom he has descried afar off, moves in a sphere of its own, and in which he must be permitted to enter in order to observe his habits and depict them faithfully. If it be an author, the biographer, it is true, may have read his works, but they are the annals of his mind, and not of his actions. If it be an actor, his performances will unfold his talents, and not his private virtues. And what are, after all, the rewards which the biographer is likely to receive as a compensation for his toils? He may expect, should he even tread the path of undeviating truth, that the being whose deeds he has revealed, will be displeased at his mentioning certain events and circumstances, and forgetting to notice what he perhaps fancied the most honourable or praiseworthy portion of his existence. His deficiency of information will be represented as a wilful omission; whilst on the other hand, should he give way to his feelings, when he relates traits of generosity, or suffer the glow of admiration that mantles on his cheek, to warm the language which he entrusts to paper, the public will accuse him of being partial, prejudiced, or venal. Thus placed between Charybdis and Scylla, the biographer of *living* men stands exposed to private resentment and public scorn, without any other shield but the consciousness of his own integrity, which he has the mortification of seeing sometimes mistaken for impudence. In order to steer clear of all these dangers, authors ought, as we are about to do, to give lives of men whose character is too well grounded in the public estimation, to cause praise to look like flattery.

It is the natural bent of the human mind, even when still a slave in the shackles of infancy, to rivet its attention upon every object whose uncommon appearance, or superior brightness, happens to meet its eyes. We never felt this impulse more powerfully than when Mr. Young made his *debut* at the Hay-market Theatre. Long accustomed to the excellences of a Kemble and an Elliston, we almost fancied their long established fame would have awed emulation into silence, or rather withered it by depriving it of its chief food, hope. We were astonished at Mr. Young's temerity, and with doubtful expectations repaired to view his performance. But our astonishment encreased when the evidence of our own eyes, ears and heart told us, that the new concurrent was destined, if the security of success did not unnerve his exertions, not only to *emulate*, but one day to *equal*, leaving the rest to futurity, those who till then stood un-

rivalled at the head of the drama. We rejoice to see that our expectations will not be deceived. The visible improvements which Mr. Young has made in his acting, since his first appearance in London, are a pledge of his future greatness, and we will now forsake for a while the pleasant theme of his genius and talents to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, as to some of the principal events of his life.

It was long the opinion that Cockneys, like the eldest sons of Lords, were doomed by nature to an unfortunate imbecillity of mind, which would prevent them from distinguishing themselves in any branch of literature, or the sciences. Mr. Young, who was born in London, in Fenchurch street, on the 10th of January, 1777, proves the falshood of this opinion. Till the age of nine he received the benefits of a private education at home, when his father, an eminent surgeon in the city, entrusted him to the care of a Danish physician, with whom he spent a year at Copenhagen. At the conclusion of this period he returned to England with the same gentleman, who soon after married his aunt. About 1787, he was sent to Eton, where classical studies enriched his mind during the space of two or three years, and under the tuition of the well-informed Mr. Bishop, his education was concluded at Merchant Taylor's School.

When he had reached his eighteenth year, he became clerk to one of the most respectable counting-houses in the city, and commerce for a while engrossed his time, but not his thoughts. Passionately fond of theatrical representations, his dramatic powers and propensities soon unfolded themselves. The Private Theatre, in Tottenham Court Road, proved the soil on which his genius took root. Here he performed several times; and the applause with which his first exertions were rewarded, led him to forsake his occupation, after having filled his situation two years, and to dedicate himself to the stage. He soon removed, as usual with new candidate, for theatrical fame, from the metropolis, and obtained, in 1798, an engagement at the Liverpool Theatre.

One of the grand characteristics of genius is modesty. It does not protrude itself upon public notice, but trembling with timidity, although half conscious of its powers, if it venture to meet the public gaze, it generally assumes a veil, to conceal its fear and embarrassment. Thus, when Mr. Young made his first appearance at Liverpool in *Young Norval*, his diffidence prompted him to take the feigned name of Green. Although we were not then in that town, some of our friends recollect having witnessed his *debut*. It was not only crowned with unbounded, but with *deserved* applause. Emboldened by success, he resumed his true name, and by the unrelenting activity of his exertions, improved so rapidly, that the fame of his talents spread through the country, and he was engaged for the winter, and the following year, at the Manchester theatre, to play the first cast of characters. During the summer he returned to Liverpool, where he continued to act for several seasons, as long as the theatre was in the possession of Mr. Aickin. The winters of 1800, 1801, and 1802, he spent at Glasgow, where the tide of success incessantly flowed in his favour. When the new theatre opened at Liverpool, in 1802, under the direction of Messrs. Lewis and Knight, Mr. Young's powerful support was secured. It was here he formed an acquaintance with Miss Grimani, who was also engaged, which, on the 9th of March, 1805, terminated in a well suited match. During the years 1803 and 1804, Liverpool and Edinburgh were equally delighted with his exertions, and in October, 1805, he purchased Mr. Bellamy's share in the Chester theatre. Here, he and his wife fixed their abode, till in 1806, the birth of a son, and soon after the melancholy death of the partner of his existence, who, in the prime of youth, was snatched away from his arms by a bilary fever, contributed to his repairing to London. His reputation had preceded his return, and the managers of the Haymarket Theatre seized with joy this opportunity of engaging him, and thus securing crowded houses during their summer career. The character in which he first appeared, on the 22d of June, 1807, in the metropolis, was Hamlet; but we will defer our critical remarks on his performance, till we have closed our biographical account. When the season was over, during the course of which he had added a large portion of the London public to the list of his admirers, it was generally expected that his name would appear on the Drury Lane or Covent Garden bills, and the disappointment was universal when it was understood that he had been suffered to depart *unengaged*, to act as usual in the country theatres. In the summer of the present year, his return was anxiously longed for, and his reception proportionably warm. He displayed a judgment matured by experience, a quicker sensibility, and greater ease and dignity of action. After a succession of brilliant successes at the close of the Haymarket, the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden pro-

posed him terms for a permanent engagement. His liberality led him to disregard pecuniary advantages; but his laudable ambition prompted him not to sink willingly into a *secondary* performer, when he felt that his powers would not disgrace the first rank. Drury Lane's offers were therefore rejected as inadmissible, and he accepted those of Covent Garden, at which theatre he has formed a five years' engagement. The late unfortunate conflagration will compel him, like his fellow labourers, to venture in the wilderness of the Opera House; but as genius is his guide, he runs no risk of being bewildered and lost. By the agreement made with the managers, he is not to gratify the public curiosity until the beginning of next November.

In his private life, with the education and learning, Mr. Young displays the manners of a gentleman. His amiable disposition and filial piety are visible to the eye of even common observation; and some circumstances highly honourable to his feelings, both as a man and as a son, we only conceal through the fear of inflicting a wound on his sensibility. Like all men born with an ardent imagination, which outstrips experience, he fancied, at his entrance into the world, that it was "grown honest." Finding corruption, jealousy, and deceit, where he expected to meet with integrity, fairness, and liberality, disappointment soured in him for a while, the milk of human kindness, and disgust replaced in his breast, his thirst for social happiness. But we hope that the clouds which lowered awhile on the horizon of his existence, will be totally dispersed by the rays of his rising fame, and that contentment will again smile upon his busy hours.

Mr. Young possesses a countenance fitted by nature for his profession, and inferior to none but Mr. Kemble's. His marked features suit the dignity of tragedy, and can at will assume the scowl of villainy and guilt. Their expression is never weak and undetermined, but striking and illustrative of all the passions of the human heart, and the workings of the understanding. His voice is strong and harmonious; his figure rather thin than stout, but elegantly made; his limbs well knitted together, and his stature rather above the common.

Success, it has been frequently remarked, is more easily attained when the aim of our exertions is single. By the same reason, a character in which a single passion so strongly predominates, as to almost shadow or obliterate every other affection of the soul, must not be so difficult to perform, as that in which not only almost all the *natural* passions are united, but where it is necessary to imitate the wild eccentricities of a disordered mind. *Zanga* may be given as a specimen of the former, and *Hamlet* of the latter. *Hamlet's* heart is by turns wrung with grief at his father's death, and resentment at his mother's marriage:—fired with hatred and revenge against his parent's base assassin; melted with love for *Ophelia*; torn with doubts, suspense, and apprehension, compelled to banish filial piety in the interview with the *Queen*, and to harbour deceit to insure the success of his plans of vengeance. When we reflect that the same limited countenance and powers of voice and action, must express, and nearly at the same moment, this immense variety of feelings and affections, we almost think it is an undertaking above the faculty of man to perform. But when, contrary to our expectations, we see them so accurately depicted as to impose on our very hearts, we cannot but admire the genius of the actor who commands immateriality, and like the Sun that converts invisible vapours into clouds, whence thunders and lightnings proceed, bids the viewless soul flash revealed in his looks, and speak aloud in his gestures.

After having studied the performance of our best actors in the character of *Hamlet*, we repaired to the Haymarket to witness Mr. Young's, conscious that we had not entirely conquered the irresistible prejudices which first impressions produce. We thought that notwithstanding the talents which he had already displayed, his merits could not fail to sink in the comparison, below the level of his fame. We fancied that Kemble's philosophical and melancholy dignity in the serious parts of this character, and Elliston's humour in the lighter ones, could never be successfully imitated. But before the close of the tragedy, our prejudices had vanished, and we felt that Mr. Young would one day raise himself to an equality with the above mentioned performers.

In the first scene, the gloom and dejection of his countenance now and then lightened up by flashes of sarcastic humour, at

"A little more than kin and less than kind."

and

"Not so, my Lord; I am too much i'th' sun."

which revealed his natural disposition without weakening the expression of his grief; the tone fraught with meaning, with which he repeated his mother's unfeeling remark,

"Ay, Madam, it is common."

and the pointed earnestness of his look, the appropriate energy of voice, and the correctness of his emphasis, when he so artfully reproaches her with her indifference, in these words,

" Seems? Madam; nay, it is; I know not
" seems."

formed a picture rich in truth, strength, and feeling.

In his ensuing soliloquy, his *heart* seemed to speak these lines, which could not have derived more force from the lips of a Kemble or an Elliston:

" How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
" Seem to ME all the uses of this world!
" Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
" That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
" nature
" Possess it merely."

His transition from general morality to private calamities, failings, and guilt, was not too abrupt; but like a darker shade harmoniously blended with a lighter one in a painting, displayed the correctness of his judgment and his powers of execution. His burst of exulting remembrance, when comparing his uncle with his father,

" My father's brother; but no more LIKE my
" FATHER!
" Than I to Hercules."

was one of those inspirations that flash from the very soul of nature.

In the following scene with *Horatio*, *Bernardo*, and *Marcellus*, his delineation of a mind unbending itself from the consideration of unpleasant and melancholy thoughts, into the enjoyment of social ease in the company of friends, who were not yet acquainted with the wounded state of his feelings, was masterly. His sarcastical disposition pierced forth again in this line,

" We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you de-
" part,"

till checked by *Horatio's* mentioning his father's funeral, when his countenance quickly resumed its clouded appearance, and with a degree of appropriately plaintive earnestness he replied,

" I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-student;
" I think it was to see my mother's wedding."

Horatio's answer roused again the storm of grief; the violence of which, however, did not overstep the modesty of nature. His astonishment, when his friend informs him that he has seen his father's spirit, was more marked, and we think justly so, than that which Kemble and Elliston display on the same occasion. He was also more eager in his inquiries, and his countenance, instead of expressing merely curiosity, revealed the workings of his mind, that sought to discover, by the description of his father's looks and habit, the probable cause of his supernatural appearance.

In his address to the spirit of his royal parent, he was impressively great. His awe was not fear, a contemptible emotion of a weak soul, it was connected with something like satisfaction, at the thought that the truth or fallacy of his secret forebodings would at last stand revealed. The commanding tone of his voice and imperiousness of his gestures, at the beginning of the following line, when he bursts from the arms of his friends, who attempt in vain to arrest him:

" I say, away—go on—I'll follow thee,"

and the respectful attitude and humbled accent with which he pronounces the latter part of it, addressing the ghost, displayed with all the force of judicious contrast, the consciousness of his superiority over *Horatio* and his companions, and of his inferiority to an immaterial being, a visitor from the tomb.

The most striking part of his performance in the following scene, was the moment when he tells *Horatio* and *Marcellus* what they are to swear:

" That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
" With arms encumbered thus, or head thus
" shak'd;
" Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
" As—well—we know—or we could—and if
" we would, &c. &c."

His delineation of madness is just and energetic. His replies to *Polonius* were pregnant with genuine humour, especially the speech which concludes with these words:

" For yourself, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if
" —like a crab, you could go backward."

His division of this sentence, and the pause which he leaves after " if," greatly encrease its strength and poignancy. The calm sorrowfulness of his tone, in his answer to the same who wants him to walk out of the air,

" Into my grave!"

was equally striking. In the scene with *Guildenstern* and *Rosencraus*, in which he so skilfully dives into their very hearts, his cunning was unmixed with meanness, and his quickness of judgment was well expressed by his sudden

start at the conviction of their treachery revealed by their hesitation,

"Nay then I'll have an eye of you."

His triumph over the disappointed curiosity which he had raised, at the same time that he inflicts a severe wound upon the feelings of these treacherous courtiers; when he employs madness, no longer as the shield that will protect his life and insure the success of his plans, but as an offensive weapon to punish deceit, was a master-piece of acting. His endeavours to recollect the speech which he wishes the actors to repeat, sprang from nature itself, and the reproaches and directions which he addresses to *Polonius* were delivered with great dignity and effect.

Mr. Young is particularly happy when the absence of *Hamlet's* enemies renders dissimulation useless, and he yields to the tide of feeling that rushes upon his soul. Thus in the soliloquy beginning with,

"O what a wretch and peasant slave am I!"

The enthusiasm of genuine passion gave loudness to his voice, and an impressive character to his gestures. In the other celebrated soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," he fully equalled Elliston, and was scarcely inferior to Kemble. In one point, he perhaps sometimes excels them both; in the management of his truly plastic countenance. It is *always* with him the mirror of his soul, where we may behold his thoughts before his voice has had time to express them. It is a book fraught with plain, though strong meaning, which every eye can peruse, and every heart understand. He did not suffer his spirit to burst forth into *ranting* morality. With the calmness of philosophy he considered the strength of the arguments in favour of suicide, and with the anxiety of a christian, the revelation of a future state of existence, and the probability of meeting with rewards and punishments after death.

However unqualified the praise which has been lavished upon this soliloquy, and however *heretical* our opinion may and will probably appear to a large portion of the community, this soliloquy PLACED ON HAMLET'S LIPS, seems to us full of improprieties. Had Shakespear intended that his madness should be REAL, he would not have caused it to employ a different language. He would not have made him display greater forgetfulness of the past, and contradict more decidedly the evidence of his own senses,

"To die—to sleep
"No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
"The heart ache, and the thousand natural
"shocks
"That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
"Devoutly to be wished."

How could he, for a single moment, suppose that death was a senseless sleep, and the grave, the abode of eternal peace, after the account which his father's *spirit* had given him half an hour before of the secrets of his prison house? He has just been told that the bare mention of what awaits *guilty* men when the dream of life is over, would "harrow up his soul and "freeze his blood," &c. and yet he can dwell upon the thought of unbroken rest, and fancy it may be acquired by A CRIME. What follows is not the fruit of recollection,

"To sleep? perchance to dream?"

It is only a supposition, an airy nothing of his own creation. He doubts of what he ought to have been certain. And after all, his memory is so totally obliterated, that he tells us,

"But that the dread of something after death,
"*That undiscovered country, from whose bourn*
"NO TRAVELLER RETURNS,"

whilst a few moments before he was conversing WITH A TRAVELLER RETURNED from that undiscovered country!

These remarks are not directed against the morality, richness and beauty of language and energy of thought of this soliloquy, which is really incomparable; but solely against the impropriety of its being spoken by *Hamlet*. Unless we also forget what has passed, we cannot avoid feeling, that all he says (owing to the circumstances in which he has been, and is still placed) is literally false. Interest is weakened by this conviction, the excellence of the speech impaired and the good effects which it might else have produced, in some measure obviated.

In the following scene with *Ophelia*, in which *Hamlet* tries the fidelity of his imitation of madness, Mr. Young, like Mr. Kemble, is perhaps too loud and too violent. His performance may on that account produce a more striking impression, but it is a gem of art, not a natural flower. He ought not to forget that although *Hamlet* seizes this opportunity of giving his mistress frank advice, without sparing her sensibility, he has no reason for terrifying her, and still less a wish of doing so. As spoken by Mr. Young his reproaches seem to proceed from real anger, and are rather too nearly allied with threats, and he thunders "go to a nunnery go" too loudly.

In the instructions to the players Mr. Young was very great. He suited exactly the action

to the word, and the word to the action. He has sarcastic powers, and a plaintive melancholy of tone which he displayed very advantageously in his trifling with *Polonius* and *Ophelia*, before the commencement of the play, and which added much acuteness to his satirical remarks, and rendered his scattered observations on his mother's inconstancy more pathetic.

At the decisive moment when wrung with anxiety and doubt, he increases the effect which the play must produce on the king's feelings, if he be guilty, by his own account of the murder, Mr. Young rather overacted his part. His only object ought to have been to ascertain the truth of the *Ghost's* story. The hour of vengeance was not yet arrived, and his betraying his knowledge of the usurper's criminality at such an early period, must have exposed his life, and endangered, if not prevented, the execution of his plan. His fiery glances pried into the assassin's very soul, with appropriate energy; but his agitation and the thunders of his voice belonged to triumph, not to experiment. The yell of exultation, whilst he sprang from the ground, when the *King* sank under the consciousness of guilt, the transported animation of his countenance, the passionate dignity of his action, were sublimely grand, and terrifically beautiful. From this moment he surpassed himself. Elliston himself could not have given more natural, and therefore powerful effect, to the excellent allegory of the pipe. In the scene with his mother, we do not fear to say, that he equalled the two heroes of our theatres. His burst of joy, mixed with doubt, his grin of half satisfied vengeance, his panting expectation to hear that his father's murderer has fallen by his sword, when he exclaims, after slaying *Polonius* behind the arras,

"Is it the king,"

had never been excelled. He displayed unabated excellence in the comparison between his father and his uncle's pictures; and great dryness of humour in the subsequent scenes with *Rosencraus* and the *King*. But to point out every beauty in his performance, would swell this article beyond the limits allowed us. We will only remark, that if, like Solon, we delayed giving our opinion on the felicity or the merits of a man until we had witnessed his death, the manner in which Mr. Young expires on the stage in *Hamlet*, would have entitled him to our warmest approbation. With the forgiving generosity of the noble minded prince whom he represents, he leans over his murderer, who falls a victim to his own treachery, supports him in death, and then sinks into the arms of his faithful friend *Horatio*, dashes the poisoned cup which he attempts to drink upon the floor, and struggling gently with the agonies, not the terrors of departing existence, resigns at once his being and his dramatic character.

Mr. Young's *Zanga* is not, in our opinion, equal to his *Hamlet*. This inferiority does not proceed from any deficiency in his exertions, want of study, or error of judgment; but from the very extent of his genius and powers, which having expanded themselves into all the passions that form the Danish Prince's character, are compelled to shrink into a single one, *revenge*, and find themselves checked and confined in their narrow channel. Thus, what becomes a difficulty for him, would yield assistance to weaker talents, that would be melted by expansion into nothing, and are efficient only when bent upon one single object. In this character, he, however, surpasses even Kemble at one particular moment:—when he writes in his tablets. Kemble rests contented with applying his pencil to his paper, and tracing hastily a few syllables; Young pours his soul silently upon it. He scarcely has any occasion to tell us what he is about to set down; we see every thought springing upon his countenance, watch there the combination of his ideas, and peruse nearly the whole of his plan.

Mr. Young has also attempted comedy; but his features bear too tragic and severe a cast, to express with ease the trifling or lively emotions of common life. His countenance is the bed where the torrent of the passions has rolled; too deep to be filled by the numerous but feeble rills of ordinary affections, it then presents a rugged aspect that cannot charm. He is spirited and chaste; but where sarcasm ought to be blunted by good nature, in order to heal the wound it has inflicted, we seek in vain for the kind look and soothing accent; all is poignancy. His vivacity is also rather affected, yet in the character of *Duke Aranza* in the *Honey Moon*, if he did not equal the *chef d'œuvre* of Elliston's acting, he at least approached his model very closely.

Real genius, guided by a sound judgment, quickness of feeling and apprehension, a deep knowledge of human nature gathered by incessant study, a noble and expressive countenance cast in the tragic mould, a sonorous and harmonious voice, great powers of delivery, an action always appropriate, energetic and elegant, and no mean versatility of talents, form Mr. Young's chief claim to a high rank in tragedy. Why may not the young eagle hope one day to tower monarch of the etherial plains?